

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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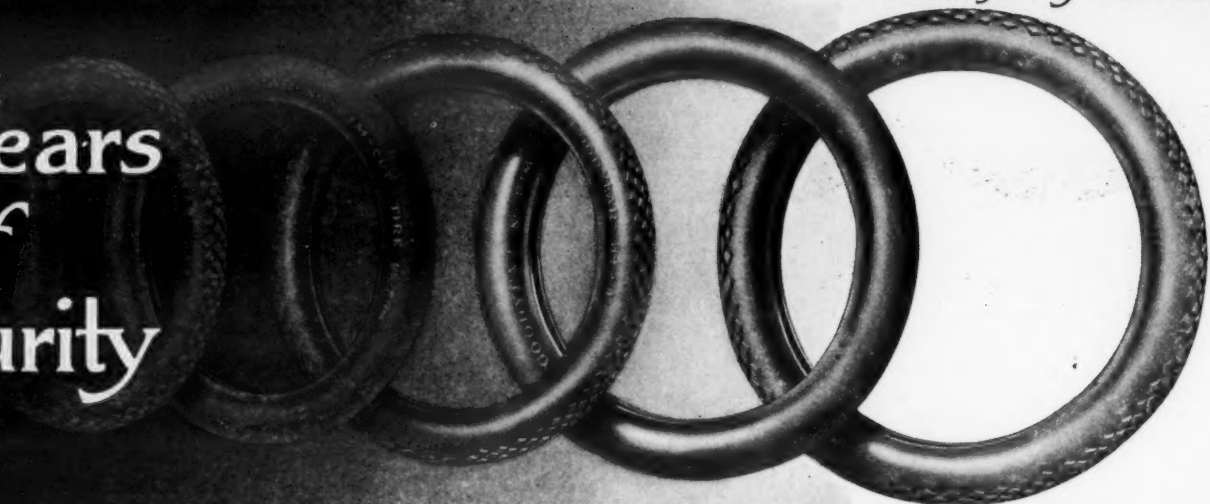
FIRST PICTURES OF THE SOUTH POLE

Amundsen's Own Photographs

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Now The Limelight of Success

Ten Years
of
Obscurity



Ten Years Spent Getting Ready for This Sensational Success

Testing 240 Materials

We started tire making 13 years ago, by bringing to our plant the best experts we knew. And we kept on bringing them.

For nobody knew in those days how to meet automobile conditions.

To prove ideas quickly we built testing machines, where four tires at a time are worn out under every road condition.

There we have tested some 200 fabrics—some 40 formulas for treads.

There we have tested every method of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing.

Every material and method was compared by actual mileage, on this metered machine of ours.

Thus year after year we increased tire mileage, and lessened tire troubles. Thus we finally brought the Goodyear tire about as close to perfection as men ever will get it.

Cutting Tire Bills in Two

Then we started on other savings. Records on thousands of ruined tires showed that 23 per cent had been rim-cut.

No-Rim-Cut tires have seemed to come like a meteor into the leading place in Tiredom.

In two years the sales have increased 500 per cent. They have trebled in the past 12 months.

Now these new-type tires by far outsell any other tire in existence.

But this, remember, is our 13th year. Some of those years were spent in darkest obscurity. Ten of those years were spent perfecting this tire.

So this amazing success has big reason behind it. It has come through slow progression.

This led to the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires. This patent type has made rim-cutting impossible. It saves tire users that 23 per cent, by a method which we control.

10% Oversize

Next we dealt with blow-outs, due to overloading tires. We made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size.

GOODYEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together, with tens of thousands of motorists, have cut tire bills right in two.

8½% Profit

Then we aimed to sell these perfect tires for the least price possible. Our multiplied output aided in this. So did our modern equipment.

No-Rim-Cut tires used to cost one-fifth more than other standard tires. We brought them to an equal price. And our profit last year, despite all our facilities, was but 8½ per cent.

200,000 Users

It was ten years from the start before men woke to these tires. Then one told another, and the tide of demand developed like a flood.

Now over one million have gone into use. Sales have doubled three times in two years. Now some 200,000 motor car owners insist on these premier tires. You will also insist when you know them.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

What The Rambler 10,000 Mile Guarantee Means



*Have You Seen
The Rambler
Cross Country?*

This map gives you a graphic idea of what the Rambler guarantee means to you in point of mileage.

THIS guarantee is backed by every one of our Rambler dealers and branches. One of them is located nearby and is perhaps known to you.

Back of them is a factory employing eighteen hundred men, with a floor area of twenty acres and producing ninety-six per cent of the parts that go to make up this car.

This factory has produced twenty-two thousand Rambler motor cars and the average cost for repair parts on each one of these cars last year was only twelve dollars and ninety cents.

Some of these cars have been in use eleven years. One-half of them have been in use five years or more. These are the facts which warrant our confidence in the Rambler to the extent of giving the signed guarantee for ten thousand miles.

The Cross Country sales to date are three times those of last year.

See the car and you will learn the first reason—its appearance.

Ride in the car and you will know the second reason—its comfort.

Ask your banker about the stability of this company—his answer is the third reason.

This ten thousand mile guarantee is the fourth reason. Appearance, comfort, stability and the 10,000 mile guarantee.

Are not these reasons enough?

Write your name and address on the coupon below and forward it to us immediately that we may send you full information.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wis.

I want more information about the Cross Country. Please send me a catalog and the name of your nearest dealer.

Name.....

Town.....

State..... COL

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco



WHY SHOULDN'T YOU

advertise to the farmer
--whatever your line?

He needs everything
that other human beings
need. He is richer, in
the aggregate, than any
other class. He can
better afford the lux-
uries of life.

He is at once the coun-
try's greatest Producer
and Consumer--and Farm
Journal reaches more of
him by 50% than any
other paper. It reaches
him, too, most largely
in those states where
illiteracy is least.

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers
FARM JOURNAL
Philadelphia

Over 700,000 copies--
considerably over-
for every summer
issue. July forms
close June 5th.



Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 71

AN advertiser in "Printers' Ink" puts his view
of the advertising situation pretty strongly.

"The principal evil in the advertising business
"to-day," he says, "is unrestricted falsehood. . .
"The publisher lies, the advertiser lies and the
"public in the main realizes that they both lie.
"If everybody told the truth, the public would
"soon find it out to the decided advantage of the
"advertiser."

I believe I can say without undue boastfulness
that part of Collier's success as a publication rests
in the fact that the Weekly does not lie to its
advertisers, any more than it allows its adver-
tisers to lie to the public. To this last fact, inci-
dentally, I credit a good deal of the success of
those advertisers who have consistently used
our pages.

Ever since I have been with Collier's I have ham-
mered at one thing above all others--and that is
clean advertising.

Collier's accepts, as you know, only certain kinds
of advertising.

Collier's insists beyond this, that every word of
this accepted advertising be honest.

We have been fooled by advertisers

—but I know of no case in which we have been
fooled more than once.

E. D. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

A QUARTER CENTURY BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Over Five Million Free Samples
Given Away Each Year.

The Constant and Increasing
Sales From Samples Proves
the Genuine Merit of

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic
powder for the feet. Are you a trifle
sensitive about the size of your shoes?
Many people wear shoes a size smaller
by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into
them. Just the thing for Aching, hot
feet and for Breaking in New Shoes.
If you have tired, swollen, tender feet,
Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief.
We have over 30,000 testimonials.
TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold everywhere,
25c. Do not accept any substitute.

"In a pinch,
use Allen's
Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

ALCA GARDEN TOOL



A Sure-Big Money Maker

Pound of sugar makes 20 five cent pack-
ages delicious candy--sells like wildfire
—eight seasons—thousands used—extra-
ordinary investment returned many times
over first season—
**Empire Candy
Floss Machine**
making sure big profits everywhere.
POP-CORN—PEANUT ROASTER—ICE CREAM
CONE MACHINE—Get catalog O. HOME ICE PLANT—sure winner.
Catalog 100 tells about it. AGENTS PROPOSITION EXTRAORDINARY.
STEVENS MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY CO.
Makers and Distributors Stevens Pocket Lighter, Non-Leaking Tire Valve
—Full Line Auto accessories.
Dept. 6—1225 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**STUDY High-Grade
LAW Instruction by
Correspondence**
Prepares for the bar. Three
Courses: College, Post-
Graduate and Business Law.
Twentieth year. Classes
begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules
for admission to the bar of the several states.
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
505 Reaper Block, Chicago

University of Wisconsin

SUMMER SESSION 1912
250 Courses in Graduate School, Law School,
Colleges of Letters and Science, Engineering,
Agriculture. Opens June 24, closes August 2, ex-
cept Law School (August 30). Favorable Climate
—Lakeside Advantages. Fee \$15, except Law, \$25.
For illustrated bulletin address,
REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY, MADISON, WIS.

EDUCATE YOUR LUNGS
Develop your chest. Learn how to
breathe right. It means health, vigor
and a clear brain. Send name and ad-
dress, with One Dollar, for our series
of breathing exercises. **THE MARCEL
METHOD OF CORRECT BREATHING.**
Library Building, 57 Post Street, San Francisco

FREE Literature will be sent to anyone interested in
the wonderful Sacramento Valley, the richest
valley in the world. Unlimited opportunities. Thousands of
acres available at right prices. The place for the man wanting a home in the finest
climate on earth. Write to a public organization that gives reliable information.
Sacramento Valley Development
Association, 800 24 St., Sacramento, CALIFORNIA

Camp Indianola, For Boys
Best Equipped Camp in the West. Ideal Location. No ex-
quisite. Catalog. F. G. MUELLER, Madison, Wis.

GOLF

By GEORGE FITCH

—thirty-six pages of unadulterated laughter, in
which the clever author subjects the clubs, the
greens, the bunkers, and the entire game of
golf to a play of wit that simply flashes through
every line. 35 cents at your bookseller's, or
send 38 cents for a copy by mail.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
416 W. 13th St., New York City

**TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT**
Save \$25 to \$50 on manufacturers' prices.
Buy our Factory Rebuilt Typewriters.
Nearest-to-new on the market. Have
trademark and guarantee like new ma-
chines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, highly
polished, and perfect in appearance. Sat-
isfaction guaranteed. We are the largest
rebuilt typewriter concern in the world.
Branch stores in leading cities. Write for catalog of standard makes.
American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

THE "BEST" LIGHT
2 C
A WEEK
MAKES and burns its own gas. Pro-
duces 100 candle power light—
brighter than electricity or acetylene
—cheaper than kerosene. No dirt.
No grease. No odor. Over 200 styles.
Every lamp warranted. Agents want-
ed. Write for catalog. Do not delay.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio

LYON & HEALY
25-94 E. Adams St., CHICAGO
will mail, free, newly enlarged
Catalog of Band Instruments.
Hundreds of Fine Illustrations,
describing every article for
Bands or Drum Corps.
BIG BOOK Free
Contains instructions for Amateur Bands,
Exercises and Scales, By-Laws, Selected
List of Band Music. Write today!

AGENTS—At Last!
A tool that sells in every home. Made
of high grade carbon steel. 15 tools in
one. Farmers, Plumbers,
Machinists, auto owners de-
lighted with it. Cut shows
vise in use. A machine shop
for the home and store.
Demand enormous. Sales
easy. Big profits. Write for
10 in. sample free to workers.
THOMAS TOOL CO., 6029 Remy St., DAYTON, O.

**SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS**
The Pens that put the ink on
the paper without a splutter.
Sample card of 12 different numbers
and 2 good penholders for 10 cents.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 348 Broadway, New York

Invalid Chairs \$10-40—
\$10 Boys a Beauty, Others Want \$35
Agents Wanted—
Catalogue Free.
BETZ CO., Dept. 13
Hammond - Indiana
The Largest in this Line
in the World.



Franklin D Touring

The big brother of the "Little Six".
A light-weight full size five-passenger
car comfortable, speedy and economical.

The average man drives his car as far in a day,
and as fast, as safety and the comfort of the passengers
will permit.

The Franklin goes the farthest and the fastest be-
cause it is the safest and most comfortable.

It runs longer and faster and makes more miles
and more trips without mechanical troubles than any
other car.

It uses less gasoline and oil and wears out fewer
tires than any other car of its size and power.

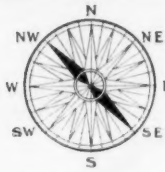
It follows the road easier than any other car.
Steering is without effort.

For these reasons the Franklin is the most luxuri-
ous carriage at any speed on any road.

Thirty-five hundred dollars at the factory.

Write for catalogue of all models

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y



Invest in Young Cities With a Birthright

Not every town can claim a birthright in its strategic location for controlling trade.

We were obliged to inspect and reject over three hundred Pacific Northwestern towns before we found seventeen which bade fair to become great cities—such as Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Butte and Oklahoma City are today.

These seventeen young cities have a birthright in immense agricultural wealth, great lumber and mining resources, irrigation, and as railroad division points and country seats. Investors who secure desirable building lots in these towns now will reap large profits as populations increase.

We offer "allotments" of five lots, one in each of five of these selected young cities. In buying one lot in each of five towns you divide by five the already small risk of loss—multiply by five your opportunity for profit.

Attractive prices; terms convenient to men of moderate means; no interest; we pay all taxes.

Full particulars on request.

Competent Salesmen May Arrange to
Represent Us In Their Districts.

Northwest Townsite Company
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Go With
the Elks to
Portland
Oregon



Via
Northern Pacific Ry.

Special parties being organized for the trip, taking in

Yellowstone Park

enroute, via the only line to the Official Entrance. Elks Excursion Rates, June 27 to July 5. Write for details. Enclose 6c for "Through Wonderland"—most beautiful book on Yellowstone Park ever published. Address

A. M. CLELAND, G. P. A.
Northern Pacific Railway St. Paul



SYDNEY SHORT LINE

New Service

19 DAYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Via HONOLULU and TUTUILA (SAMOA)
SPLENDID STEAMERS of OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.
(Spreckels Line), 10,000 tons displacement, sail from San Francisco, July 2, July 30 (new schedule) and every 28 days thereafter on a 19-DAY SERVICE TO SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, with stop at HONOLULU and SAMOA. THE QUICK AND ATTRACTIVE ROUTE TO THE ANTIPODES. New York to Sydney, 1st class, \$277.75; 2nd class, \$190.75. Round World, \$600, 1st class; \$375, 2nd class, via Ceylon and Mediterranean. (Stop-overs).

HONOLULU \$110 AND BACK (From S. F.) 1st Class
Sailings Every 2 Weeks

Oceanic Steamship Co., 673 Market Street, San Francisco

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$15. Rotary \$60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

"SPORTSMAN'S DOPE"

Every admirer and player of baseball, tennis, golf, basket ball, and every boxer, wrestler, angler, runner, camper, and every athlete should have a copy of the "dope". Free upon request.
R. H. MICHAELSON, 915 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. City

AMAZING PROFITS
IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can make big money in spare time, entire year growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet.
HIRSH BARTON, 328 W. 4th St., New York

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
MAY 18, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX
P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS
ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Western Electric Business Helps

Mazda Lamps for effective illumination. The sturdy "wire-drawn" filaments make Sunbeam lamps the best.

Fans put new vitality into your working force, your business and yourself.

Inter-phones for instant inter-communication. You are your own operator. Just push a button—and talk.

Motors for every known requirement. Power bill reducers and output increasers.

Valuable suggestions for business efficiency in our booklet No. 7616
"Silent Partners." Write for a copy.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal	London
Buffalo	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto	Berlin
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis	Los Angeles	Winnipeg	Paris
Boston	Cincinnati	St. Paul	Salt Lake City	Calgary	Rome
Richmond	Indianapolis	Denver	Seattle	Vancouver	Johannesburg
Atlanta	St. Louis	Omaha	Dallas	Portland	Sydney
Savannah				Antwerp	Tokyo

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED



At the end
of the sea-
son you
never base
your tire
cost upon
the pur-
chasing
price of
your tires

You can well afford to
buy tires built as only

UNITED STATES TIRES

are built at a reasonable advance in first cost over tires made in the ordinary way.

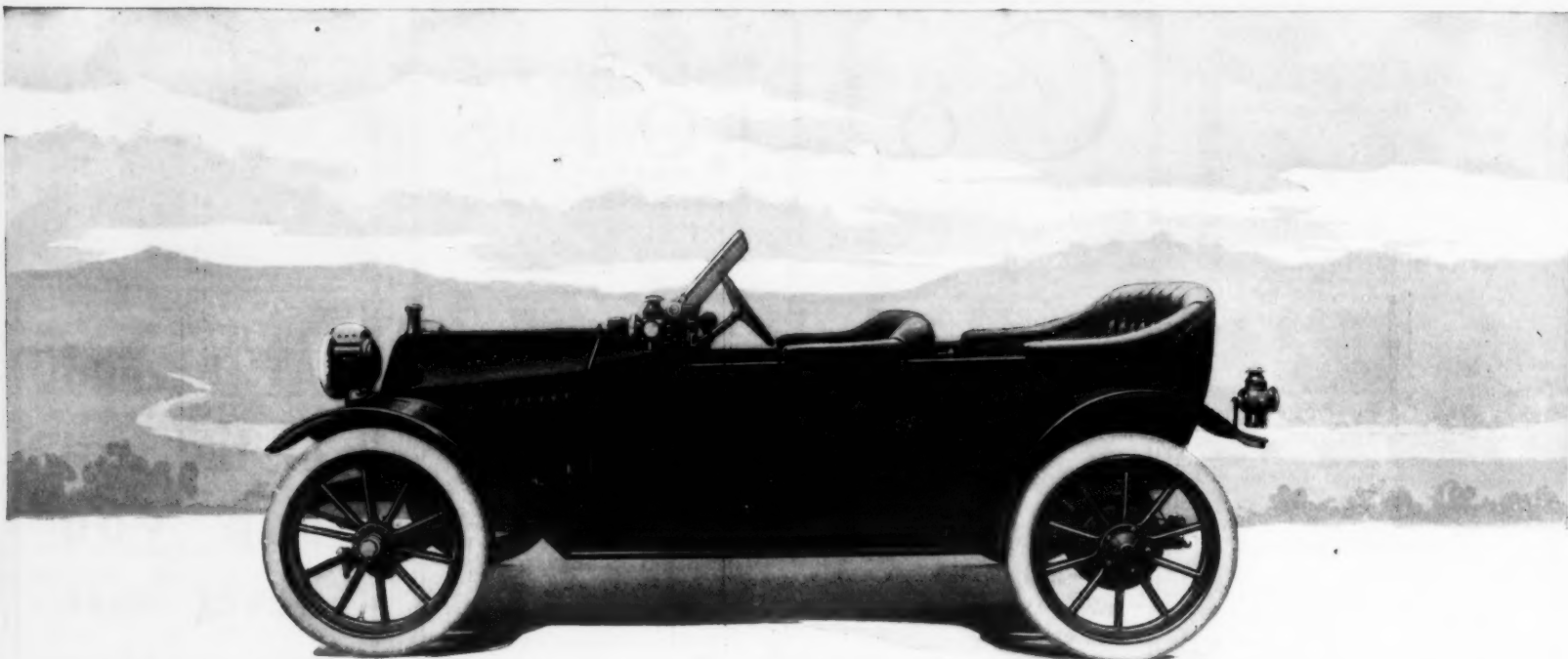
After-season economy is the only economy that appeals to the experienced motorist.

First costs may be alluring, but last costs are the real costs.

And because this is true, the four immense tire organizations that are combining their skill to build United States Tires, are interested only in putting values into them that will prove their economy to you when the season is over.

United States Tires are made as no other tires in the world are made.

United States Tire Co.
New York
Dealers Everywhere



Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore and 5 1/2-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase; 32 x 3 1/4-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. **Roadster, \$900.**



Here is shown the assembly of crankshaft and connecting rods; and the careful adjustment of the connecting rod bearings. Please note the center main bearing and the extra-generous length of the two end bearings. A third crankshaft bearing is unusual in a motor cast en bloc, except in cars of \$2500 or higher.

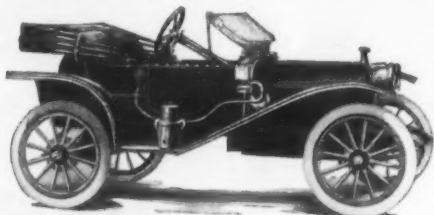
So, in the \$900 Hupmobile, the crankshaft has three instead of two supports to help it withstand the strains to which this part necessarily is subjected.

Three main bearings give the shaft 50 per cent more support; they reduce friction, thereby promoting easy running and greater power development; they reduce very greatly the liability of bending and breaking the shaft.

The adjustment of the connecting rod bearing takes place in importance with the machining and grinding of the cylinders, the careful scraping of the main bearings, the assembling and adjusting of the multiple disc clutch, the assembling of the three-speed transmission, and of the full-floating rear axle—all contributes to the smooth-running and the great power-efficiency of the long-stroke motor.

And all through, each separate part is tested and inspected, inspected and tested; the motors tested and run in on the block; the chassis tested on the road.

All this high grade construction, skilled workmanship, and vigilance to assure long service and satisfaction to the owner.



Standard 20 H.P. Runabout, \$750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 23 H.P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. **Roadster, 116-inch wheel-base, \$850.**

Hupmobile

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

That this belief is justified, is proven by the large proportion of Hupmobile sales that come through Hupmobile owners and their recommendations to others.

Evidently, no one has shown them a car as good or better in its class.

Hupp Motor Car Company,

1230 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

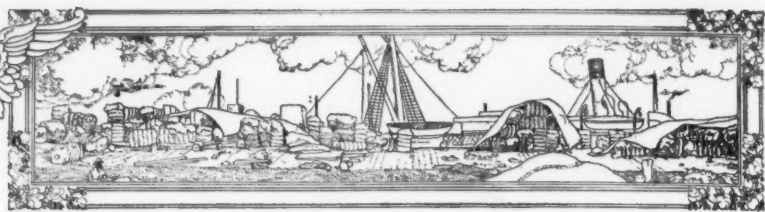
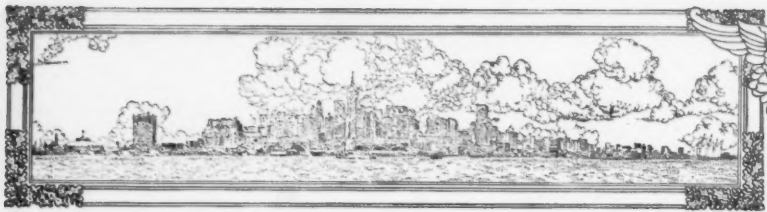
NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



DRAWN BY F. G. COOPER

All For His Own Good



TWO SITUATIONS

THE DEMOCRATS and the Republicans occupy positions that are tactically widely unequal. By pie grabbing, and failure to pass various important measures, they have lost the prestige which a year ago they had in Congress. The tidal wave of November, 1910, is easily explained as a protest against the Administration, now that we see how Mr. TAFT has been running in the Presidential preference primaries. The Democratic nominee for the Presidency could carry all the States which BRYAN carried in 1908, and New York, Ohio, and Indiana besides, and still be defeated. New York and Indiana, however, have not gone Democratic in a Presidential year in twenty years, and Ohio in longer. No candidate has stood out in this party as Mr. ROOSEVELT has stood out among the Republicans. Practically all keen observers realize that WOODROW WILSON is the man the Democrats would get behind if they were running their campaign with both progressiveness and efficiency. Actually, the Democratic masses are comparatively indifferent, and therefore the political organizations, backed by big business, are making headway with CHAMP CLARK. We have personal knowledge that Mr. CLARK is satisfactory to some of the biggest interests, but we believe that the big interests in this respect lack foresight.

In the Republican party the immense personal popularity of Colonel ROOSEVELT, built up by thirty years of deserving and trustworthy leadership, has focused the progressive vote to an extent thus far unexampled. If, in spite of the overwhelming evidence that most of the Republicans want ROOSEVELT, the nomination of TAFT is bulled through, and if, on the other hand, the Democrats nominate UNDERWOOD, HARMON, or CLARK, ROOSEVELT will, in our opinion, be forced by irresistible pressure to run on a third ticket—a nonpartisan progressive ticket. With a strong and progressive Democrat running with him, as candidate for the Vice Presidency, both the old parties would be up against a problem, even in the South.

THE PRESIDENT'S PART

WE FEAR that those supporters of Mr. TAFT who think he is above any direct personal part in corrupt politics, whatever his lieutenants may do, will have difficulty in reconciling their view with the article published in this issue on the methods of procuring the Kentucky delegation.

THE WILSON OPPOSITION

"I DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY," declares Senator BAILEY of Texas, "that I would vote for HARMON, CLARK, or UNDERWOOD, any or all of them, to defeat WILSON." Voting for all of them might seem exaggerated, but Senator BAILEY's point of view is shared by most of the politicians in his party, and most of the men who control and use the politicians, but it was not shown by the Texas masses.

IN THE TROUGH

THE SHACKLEFORD BILL for subsidizing country roads is a needless drain on the Treasury, fitted to displace the Pension Bill as an omnibus grab. By noticing the looseness of the specifications, and by following the debate in the Congressional Records, you can see the animus of those interested in its passage. The opponents who showed their heads were mainly a few Representatives from the big cities. The bill might in the end outdo and outlast not only pension legislation but even the perennial protective graft. WILLIAM KENT, not caring whether he goes back to Congress or not, is a disconcerting figure in the House, and his views on this bill are to be found in the Congressional Record on page 5512. He favors Federal help for great national highways, but not local subsidies to help hungry Congressmen back to Washington.

THE OPINION OF MAHAN

THE LAST WORD about the responsibility for personal behavior, resting upon the owner of a wrecked steamer, has been spoken by Admiral MAHAN. No one can improve upon it. If the author of "Influence of Sea Power upon History" is unequalled as a writer on naval affairs, it is because in him special knowledge is combined with philosophic study of mankind. All doubtful evidence, as that the captain presented to Mr. ISMAY the wireless news of icebergs near the *Titanic*, is disregarded by the Admiral, who holds that before the collision the captain was alone responsible for the management of the vessel. After the collision, however, the situation changed. In the insufficiency of boats the White Star Line was responsible, not morally but legally; and Mr. ISMAY, a prominent, if not the most prominent, member of the company, knowing the boats could not take more than one-third of the passengers, left behind him 1,500 persons. Colonel GRACIE has spoken of "the mass of humanity, men and women," who suddenly appeared before him after the boats were launched. Could none of them be hunted out by Mr. ISMAY? Admiral MAHAN's manner is calm, concise, and just. He is answering

other naval officers who have rushed in to defend the managing director, and he says:

When the collision had occurred, he confronted a wholly new condition, for which he was responsible and not the captain: viz., a sinking vessel without adequate provision for saving life. Did no obligation to particularity of conduct rest upon him under such a condition?

Particularity of conduct! What a phrase! It has the coolness of a court-martial, and the severity. It names what is required; it names it relentlessly, and without emotion.

GILBERT REVIVED

IF "PATIENCE" is not quite equal to "Pinafore" or "The Mikado," it is still so much better than anything in its class outside of GILBERT himself that reviving it at once convicts most comic operas and musical comedies of dull futility. DE WOLF HOPPER, to be sure, finds it easier to play his familiar personal tricks than to sustain a comedy rôle, but most of the others live their parts—a necessary artistic suppression when a librettist is as much of a dramatist as GILBERT. BUNTHORNE and GROSVENOR and Colonel CALVERLEY are characters; it will be a long time before the twenty love-sick maidens are forgotten; the theme of esthetic pose can never be out of date; nothing is gayer than the gayety of SULLIVAN and GILBERT; and above all else is the incomparable wit. It is hard to hear one of them without wishing for a memory that would carry a hundred lines to brighten daily life.

FORGOT THE NAME

ONE DRAWBACK in building up a sound drama in the metropolis is the number of idle passers-through, who are so large a part of the theatre audiences. One of these approached the ticket seller in a hotel:

"What's good?"

She suggested "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

"Is that by that fellow who wrote all the books? I forget his name."

"GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER?"

"No, I don't think so. I saw a bum play of his last night—'Oliver Twist' was the name. I don't want any more of his."

They crowd the theatres, but they do not help the drama.

CONQUEROR AS CRITIC

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE practiced criticism, among other modes of expression, and some of his thoughts have been published in France. He was an admirer of tragedy, although verses are, he said, "only the embroidery of the dramatic stuff." As statesman he naturally emphasized the moral value:

High tragedy is the school of great men. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage it and to diffuse it. It is not necessary to be a poet to judge it; it suffices to know men and things, to have elevation, and to be a statesman. France owes to CORNEILLE a part of its good actions. If he were living I should make a prince of him.

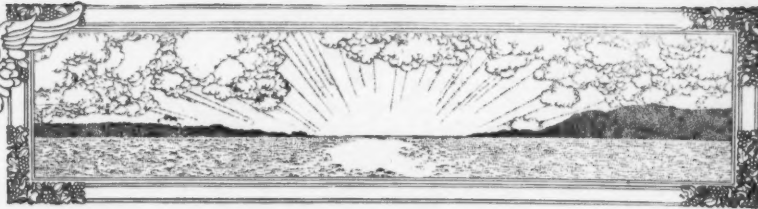
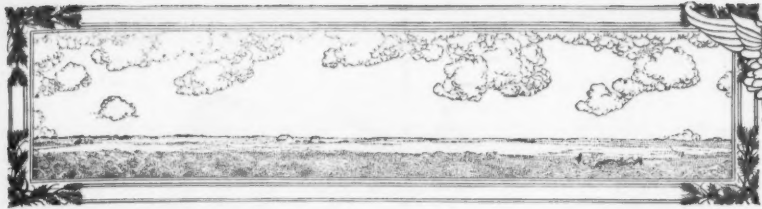
Making a prince of a great tragedian sounds silly enough to us, but NAPOLEON's estimate of the public value of noble art in keeping alive high standards is in line with the opinion of philosophic statesmen of all ages.

FLIES

THE FIRST FLIES are the most important ones to kill. A fly examined at the State Experiment Station at Storrs, Connecticut, was found to have 6,600,000 germs on it, and it's a poor excuse for a fly that can't support a couple of million germs. A fly can lay one hundred and twenty eggs in fourteen hours and be bright and cheerful and ready to go back to her duties the next day. One fly may have several million descendants in a season; 98 per cent of the eggs are laid in stables, and 2 per cent in garbage and other filth. The fly is supposed to kill between 40,000 to 50,000 persons in the United States every year. It never comes out of a cesspool without putting its hands behind its ears. Every time it falls into a pitcher of milk it leaves a trail of a thousand germs. One dead fly in May is worth a peck in September. Talk over the subject with your family physician, if he is awake; otherwise with a member of the local board of health; then do your part. A poison-harmless to human life is made by placing in shallow dishes a solution of two ounces of water, a little sugar, and one dram of bichromate of potash.

SENTIMENT AND HISTORY

IT IS STRANGE that a fight should have been necessary, last year and this, to keep a criminal institution off from Belvoir. The old Fairfax estate, just below Mount Vernon, is so intimately related to the life of GEORGE WASHINGTON that anybody with any love of history must regret the entire absence of feeling that could propose such a use for the property. A cavalry school, on the other hand, would be entirely appropriate. A penal institution at Belvoir would be less outrageous only in degree than a similar use of Mount Vernon.



SWIFT ON POLITICS

THE PRESENT STATE of our politics, especially in the Republican party, recalls a suggestion made by Dean SWIFT in "Gulliver's Travels." He is discussing the theories of the University of Lagado. The following is an account of the suggestions of a wise man:

When parties in a State were violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us "that if it were dexterously performed the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "That the two half brains, being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion; and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, "that it was a perfect trifle."

Somebody might object that this method would prove impracticable if, in attempting such division and interchange of brains, no brains at all were found. SWIFT would undoubtedly have a good deal of fun if he were living in the United States in 1912.

DICKENS ON RED TAPE

SWIFT is not the only master of earlier days who throws an apt light upon the present. Perhaps it was fortuitous, but the conduct of the Department of Agriculture came into our mind the other day as we read one of the geniuses of English literature. Under Secretary MORTON this department received a great impulse, and many splendid lines of effort were begun, for some of which his successor has received credit. Certainly in recent years the department has degenerated into a network of obscured red tape. Here is a quotation:

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—*how not to do it*.

Through this delicate perception, through the tact with which it invariably seized it, and through the genius with which it always acted on it, the Circumlocution Office had risen to overtop all the public departments; and the public condition had risen to be—what it was.

Because the Circumlocution Office went on mechanically every day, keeping this wonderful, all-sufficient wheel of statesmanship, How not to do it, in motion. Because the Circumlocution Office was down upon any ill-advised public servant who was going to do it, or who appeared to be, by any surprising accident, in remote danger of doing it, with a minute and a memorandum and a letter of instructions that extinguished him.

It doesn't matter just who wrote this. To be sure, it happened to be DICKENS, but that has nothing to do with the case. Had it been ARISTOTLE or MARK TWAIN, MILTON or MR. DOOLEY, ALEXANDER the Great or MAETERLINCK, FELICIA HEMANS or JACK JOHNSON, CHRISTINA ROSSETTI or DAVID BELASCO, THOMAS à KEMPIS or ARTHUR BRISBANE, PLATO or G. BERNARD SHAW, MARTIN LUTHER or FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, we should have printed it. It has a general justness of description as applied to almost any of the officials of the standpat type.

FARMERS

SPEAKING OF LAWYERS and how they are overrepresented in our public life, we recently made the point that farmers were under-represented. Unfortunately, in speaking of the wealth of the farmers, we gave the figures for the North Atlantic division of the United States instead of for the United States as a whole. The number of farmers who live on farms owned by themselves is approximately 4,000,000, and of these more than 2,600,000 own their farms free of debt. A shrewd old lawyer once advised a younger one: "Never get into an argument with a fellow who pronounces words just like they are spelled." He had learned, what a great many others are now slowly learning, that a man who gets his information by a coal-oil lamp and does his thinking over the plow and workbench is apt to develop mental grip and punch. These self-educated thinkers may lack superficial smoothness and fluency of speech, but they have a way of seeing the main thing. If there are still any who imagine a few centers have a monopoly on the brain supply, they need only take a trip and do some honest listening. In every country community, in every hamlet and little town they will find these original thinkers, quiet, hard-working, law-abiding, who read their two or three papers through every week and digest all they read; who read surprisingly good books; know something of the rocks and soil and stars; often study out inventions in their minds; develop theories of government; ponder long and deeply on religious subjects. These men, and there is a surprisingly large number of them, go about their work, a part of the great industrial machine. For a long time it was supposed by aristocratic gentlemen that they never thought at all except of their tools,

or felt anything but hunger. Among the other surprises and shocks of the day is the dawning realization that these self-educated, silent thinkers, scattered by the thousands all over the country, are able not only to separate the chaff from the wheat but to run the whole thrashing machine.

NOT SO SAD

OUR ESTEEMED NEIGHBOR, the "Times" of Brooklyn, observes: In TAFT's easy victory in New Hampshire there is not so much reason to sympathize with ROOSEVELT as with . . . COLLIER's.

This is not an infrequent point of view. It is assumed that the loss of any skirmish must be discouraging. Contests for new standards, however, are not quite so simple as that. The person who would go off in a corner and weep every time he failed to win a point would be of little use in the long-drawn fight.

A UNIVERSAL GAME

ABOUT BASEBALL in Cuba we presented a paragraph some time ago. It mentioned the interest in that game in even the less densely populated parts of the island. Wandering about New Brunswick, in various towns of that province, we found crowds of boys playing baseball. Any pleasant summer evening in Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, will see the town nine practicing on a diamond admirably leveled and laid out. For any bit of fielding well performed there may be heard the cry of approval—"Ataboy!" So far does the sphere of influence of HUGHEY JENNINGS reach. Fredericton is an English town. Northward, the heart of the lumbering region, where the moose is a commonplace and the railroad train passes but once a day, is still not beyond the realm of baseball. At a little hotel in a little village the table topic for a whole meal is likely to be baseball and the prowess of certain titans of the diamond. Add to such conditions in Cuba and Canada the fact that baseball in Japan has ceased to be a novelty, and is it too much to assume that, whether or not the universal language ever becomes a reality, there may yet be a universal game?

FIRST PLAYS

THE AGE OF DRAMATISTS (as, for that matter, everything about them—from haberdashery to hours of work) has always been of interest to the public. When his first play is produced, the playwright's age is eagerly noted. Making up a table from the statistics at hand (which are probably moderately accurate), we find that nine American dramatists had a play first acted on the professional stage at the following ages:

BRONSON HOWARD	28	WILLIAM GILLETTE	26
JAMES A. HERNE	40	CLYDE FITCH	25
STEELE MACKAYE	28	GEORGE ADE	34
DAVID BELASCO	23	EDWARD SHELDON	22
AUGUSTUS THOMAS	28		

HERNE, who became a dramatist after youth had passed, was the most distinguished American playwright of his generation. Genius often shows itself early, but, as a rule, the first pecuniary reward comes later to the successful dramatist than to other artists of ability, to a greater extent than happens to be shown by the list here given. One reason for the frequent lateness of arrival among dramatists is that it requires a great deal more technical experience usually than fiction, for instance, or essay writing, or lyric poetry, but the principal reason probably is that the production of one play requires a very heavy investment of capital, especially under our modern conditions, so there is a natural economic barrier to experiment.

LOVE AND JUSTICE

JUSTICE is love with its eyes open. Sometimes love is truly blind; then it administers what it thinks is mercy, but more often is destruction handed out with a blessing. When love sees clearly it deals in justice, for there is nothing else so good for men or communities or nations. The soft side is not the best. It is comfortable to have one's errors and evil deeds covered with a sigh, a tear, an "Oh, well"; it is easier at the time to escape the measure of a man's deeds, but it is good neither for the man nor for society. The best that can happen to any man—the only thing that will make a man—is full pay for all he does and full pay for all he gets. He must face the consequences, live with himself as he is, not as charitable friends try to make him seem. It is better to put the iron of courage in a man's soul than the tears of gratitude in his eyes. Forgiveness, mercy, have their place. They are good for the heart that has them; they are comforting to the one who receives them; but they should be given as an accompaniment of justice, not as a substitute. Law is immutable. One cannot escape the consequences nor evade. We must face good and bad, and take the measure of justice, whether it be reward or punishment. Either is better than gifts and leniency.



The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges

I.—An Introductory Article to a Series Disclosing the Growth of Snobbery at American Universities

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. LEYENDECKER

THE question of the social organization of our universities and colleges is a vexed and delicate one. To approach it with prejudice or any desire to attempt invidious comparisons is simply to fall into the error that has permitted the undergraduate, working through his artificial organization, to usurp the control of the university; the failure to perceive that the issue is not of inconsequential local importance but of broad national significance.

The shortest study should convince anyone that the impulse that is tending more and more to exalt the idea of social success to the stifling of the broader and more vital ambitions, to convert our universities, in a word, into social clearing houses, is one and the same, whether expressing itself in open or silent clubs, secret societies, or general fraternities. That impulse is the direct reflection of the country-wide change from the struggle for industrial advancement to the consequent struggle for social betterment. If the present condition is a subtle and unforeseen growth due to outward forces, with direct responsibility at the doors of the parents, it is nevertheless true that a fair charge may be brought against the universities for failure to perceive that it is no longer a question of individual liberty of choice to be accorded, but a question of accounting to the nation for the thousands of young barbarians annually delivered; the product of four years of devotion to self-created standards of success, having resisted in their splendid health the slight infection of learning to which they may have been exposed; taught in place of a free democracy, with the vision of national manhood and patriotic service, the struggle for social selection, with all the resentment and bitterness that comes to those whom the system has shut out, and all the narrowness, the self-satisfaction, and the defrauded opportunities that is the portion of those who, at first glance, seem to have been rewarded.

THE MENACE OF A REPUBLICAN ARISTOCRACY

THERE is but one way to view the question impartially—to consider, first, the tendencies in the nation that are making more and more for the separation of the classes, with consequent misunderstanding and suspicion, and then to ask what are the universities doing to counteract these forces inimical to democracy and national unity.

In this period of unrest and readjustment, when the tendency of one division of the country is to regard with suspicion another, when the masses are awakeningly resentful of the classes and labor and capital are often arrayed as enemies, it is just as well to examine ourselves with candor and take stock of the tendencies which promote such divisions.

There are three factors in our development that may well cause the lover of democracy to ponder seriously the future. First, our republican form of government did not come to us from any philosophical and economical revolt against an internal tyranny, as in the case of the French Revolution, but rather through the aristocratic leadership of the landed proprietors of the South and the well-to-do gentility of New England, revolting against the vexatious discipline of an unwise parent. No such Girondist doctrine as the brotherhood of man ever found favor with them. The Southern leaders were economically aristocratic, the Northern intellectually so, and this strong pride of superiority has passed to their descendants. Secondly, the influx of contending and inimical races has introduced the element of race superiority which is historically inherent among nations that have risen or fallen in the struggle for the survival of the fittest.

The third and most alarming factor is the sudden volcanic eruption of wealth that in the last thirty years has completely transformed our former democratic level of opportunity. An aristocracy has risen, of unprecedented and concentrated power, subtly dominating every artery of the national life.

The problem of this republican aristocracy is the most vexing we have to-day. It is shut out from service, military and civil, which as in England would dedicate it to the nation. Individually it lacks the stimulus of family tradition to spur it on to individual achievement, and, as I shall show, its education is such to further limit its horizon and constantly drive it into an inconsequential and Bourbonic isolation, in the midst of an increasingly affronted and antagonistic nation.

IS THE COLLEGE A CORRECTIVE?

THESE three factors, impressively serious and alarming, may well cause the student to turn with trepidation to our great systems of education in the hope of finding there, at the period of generous and enthusiastic youth, the correcting force that will keep vital and inspiring the belief in democracy by uniting all elements in unrestricted, sympathetic, and impulsive association. Such a spontaneous republic of youth existed thirty years ago; it does not exist to-day.

What, on the contrary, does exist? Making every allowance for the operation of subtle and outward forces that have created the present tyrannical social system, admitting the enormous difficulty of correction, and even the lack of imagination to perceive the gravity of the issue, I am still regretfully forced to the conclusion that the universities, with the exception of our excellent technical schools, instead of maintaining their ancient authority and inspiration, have yielded to the aristocratic tendencies from without, have surrendered much of their vigor and more of their authority to a rebellious undergraduate standard; that to-day they are fostering false standards of social selection, permitting group isolation, the burning struggle for inconsequential undergraduate success, and obscuring at its most impressionable period the broad vision of democratic sympathy and understanding.

The reason is that the college is no longer in control. A force within it has grown, solidified itself, assumed the directing force and imposed its standards of success, which are in direct opposition to the standards of intellectual preeminence. Nothing can demonstrate more the fatal tendency of American life to trust to the efficacy of a machine than to realize that the pioneer organization, from which the whole artificial system has developed, was the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, organized for intellectual and literary companionship in 1776. Until 1831 it continued as a secret fraternity. To-day an enormous system of Greek letter fraternities, starting with the same intellectual pretension, has permeated every institution. The closed clubs of Harvard are offshoots from it, the open clubs at Princeton were founded in opposition. To-day Phi Beta Kappa, overwhelmed by the diverted development of the children it sent out, is reduced to the level of a nominal distinction and stripped of its social importance.

THE MALIGNANT FRATERNITY SYSTEM

THE influence that has perverted the character of the social organization of the undergraduate is undoubtedly the influence of the parent. In this new period, when social lines are still lax, parents are sending their sons to college not for an education but to place themselves socially. This is the impulse which, conveyed directly or indirectly to the undergraduate, is turning

the universities more and more into social clearing houses. Nothing is more amazing than the tolerant admission of the fact which can be heard everywhere and which is expressed in the popular phrase:

"Well, the boy won't learn anything, but he'll get a chance to make the friends that'll be useful to him in after life."

In many cases a boy enters college, directly coached by his older friends, often by his own parents, that the important thing for him is so to steer his course and so to choose his friends that he will make such a club at Harvard or Princeton or a senior society at Yale.

Helpless against this malignant force, the universities have beheld the gradual transformation of undergraduate life disarmed by a conveniently explanatory policy of noninterference. They still fail to perceive that their problem is similar to the problem of the nation—that, in fact, the history of all government is simply the constant readjustment of the balance between the right of man as an individual to enjoy and the right of man as a mass to live and to progress. The readjustment of this balance that is taking place everywhere to-day must sooner or later take place in the university, where the right of the undergraduate to create his own standard has come in conflict with the right the university has to protect its threatened authority and restore its departed inspiration.

For the social usurpation of our colleges is not simply a question of democracy. It reaches further into the very sources of national supremacy. Imbued with but one idea, the race for undergraduate success, the collegian—or at least the larger majority of that class whose education is most vital, as it has the most opportunity for service—is devoting all his time either to the enjoyment of what he has won, or to a frenzied struggle for distinction in some line of activity which will make him valuable for membership in the social organization. He learns how to pass examinations, to hold a little knowledge a little while, and, ignoring solid and thorough schooling, to develop what is most superficial and ready, the fatal American talent of bluffing. The resulting contempt for knowledge is so widespread that it does not require elaboration. The question, however, ceases to be trivial when the results are studied from a national standpoint and the alarming significance is made apparent.

THE GREAT ARMY OF UNEDUCATED COLLEGIANS

EVERY year the universities of France and Germany give to their nations their thousands of students, disciplined in the use of their minds, schooled to exact knowledge, with a developed capacity for thoroughness. They carry these rugged, indispensable attributes into every activity of the national life—into their sciences, their arts, their politics, and, above all, into their great world industries. Every year our universities add their thousands to the great army of their alumni, undrilled, unschooled, without serious preparation, totally lacking the essential quality of thoroughness. And these defects they carry with them into the struggle for commercial supremacy with France and Germany. In other words, we are opposing amateurs to professionals.

Similar conditions exist in England, where, as the Hon. J. J. Bryce remarked, ten per cent of the undergraduates are students and another fifteen per cent friends of those who study. To this system of haphazard and unsettling education, with its corollary of overemphasized sport, most observers lay the reason of its impressive international decline, in competition with the scientifically trained and educated nations of France and Germany. That to-day, through the undergraduate social usurpation of the universities, we are arrived at

a condition similar to England is certainly a matter of prime importance. An undisciplined and superficially trained employee is an economic error.

To the foreigner unfamiliar with the American frenzy for overorganization it may well seem incredible that any system of artificial group separation should have taken the place of the spontaneous democracy of youth which exists abroad, and especially that such a contradictory system should flourish here in a republican America. For the present system is a contradiction not only to the principles of our own declaration of independence, but to the historical ideal of the university itself, the ideal of liberty of thought and action.

THE FETISH OF SECRECY

FOR while the ideal of secrecy is a childish fetish, it is still a fetish that does impose itself on the undergraduate imagination in a way to obsess and dwarf it even as the outward formula of ancient idol worship enslaved and kept in subjection the imagination of races. As for the moving principle of the social system, the right of one class to impose its choice on a succeeding class, here is a doctrine as aristocratic as the doctrine of inherited titles.

The whole fallacy lies in just this: the necessity of an undergraduate's submitting to the judgment of the elect in the class ahead of him instead of achieving his success in the estimation of his own companions. This necessity of winning recognition in some public manner is largely responsible for the amazing system of overdeveloped undergraduate activities.

The spur to-day to the majority of those who enter athletics is to become socially valuable. Undergraduate honors in journalism, musical and dramatic clubs, even to the leadership in religious organizations, are sought in a frenzy of competition for the same social object. Consequently a multitude of organizations have sprung up to give a greater opportunity of emerging from the mass.

INTRENCHED SOCIAL PRIVILEGE

HENCE a whole complicated system of undergraduate life has developed in every college, absorbing the time, concentrating the ambitions, and diverting the mind from the discipline of education and that mature development which results from democratic intercourse.

Nor is such social success of small value. Membership in the most desired student organizations at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton means the entrée into difficult social circles in after life as well as valuable business openings; and that the society is, in fact, an open sesame to success in after life is a fact known and traded on among the undergraduates themselves. Often a social organization has begun with the highest ideals, often a club or a society to-day is still standing for what it honestly considers democracy and character, but inevitably the first ideal has either been perverted or has given rise to rival organizations which at once assume a frankly social character. For if men of character in a class may be selected for separate and intimate association, men of purely social or convivial character have the same right to retire into the seclusion of mutual admiration. So, due to an error in theory, one club that aims at democracy will inevitably produce undemocratic rivals, forming nothing but social sets, and often the parent club becomes contaminated by being drawn into a competition for the social advantages which its rivals have exploited.

Insensibly the development of social organizations, gradually evolving into costly homes (at Yale the property held by fraternities and secret societies is valued at over a million dollars), has tended to transform the

first simplicity. The rapidly advancing luxury of the undergraduate to-day is traceable directly to the same causes, the regarding of college as a social opportunity and the amazing indifference or hesitation of the university to check the tendency to luxury that is both enervating to the ambition and fraught with danger to the individual. This advance toward luxury, most noticeable to-day at Harvard, is a progressive disease,

those individuals who everywhere have perceived the enervating peril of the present system and are persistently striving for some amelioration. If there is one thing that has impressed me more than another in the study of this question it is the breadth of view among college officers and graduates, the generous desire for more democratic conditions, a simpler life, and a recognition of the need of minimizing the social emphasis in order

to produce a truer recognition of the value of education. It is not that the spirit is unwilling, but that it is helpless before the entrenched property rights of arbitrary systems. Almost every move toward rectification has only increased the sore, inspired though it has been by the highest ideals and the most generous intentions. The parent evil is not the secrecy, as some believe, or restricted membership, to be cured by multiplication. The problem will never be solved until this question can be met.

Why should any artificial separating system replace the world-wide, the human, spontaneous impulse of youth to seek its natural groupings and its natural leaders?

THE ROAD AHEAD

WHATEVER improvement may come in the future, whether the whole artificial system shall be deemed unnecessary and disappear, as so many organizations have disappeared, or whether, growing more democratic, it will by gradual evolution take on the character of clubs accessible to all, at the present moment the problem is one of immediate and practical remedies. There are two constructive suggestions which I have proposed, one dealing with the problem of the alumni and one with the whole question of education among the undergraduates—suggestions which have met with cordial indorsement at each university.

In discussing this question of artificial inherited clubs, I have been invariably met with the excellent argument that the good achieved is in the bringing of influential alumni into close intimacy with the interests of the university, through their constant return to the pleasant quarters of their particular club or society.

THE LAQUID SECOND GENERATION

THE purpose is a worthy one and of undoubted value—only certain restrictions must be made. Thirty and forty years ago life was simpler; the men who were in college were largely there in an earnest attempt to fit themselves for the struggle of life. They were earnest and the tone of the campus was earnest and the man of brains was recognized. The men who went into Porcellian and A. D. as into Skull and Bones and Keys at Yale were men of strong ambitions. But to-day when their sons arrive a change has taken place. The first generation has achieved success, usually acquired a fortune.

The second generation (the only true test of any system) arrive on an entirely different basis. Education is no longer a privilege and a necessity, just as life is no longer a struggle but a languid choice. They lack the flaming incentive of necessity. They follow easy and pleasant ways. Everything is against their making a distinguished career. The men who occupy the place their fathers did are men outside their system, men who are fighting to stay in college, inspired with the passionate American ambition to force their way upward. More and more these are the men who are going to develop careers of distinction—the forceful alumni whom every college wishes to attach to its interests, and for whom to-day it can offer no pleasant club for intimate association.

So that while it is true that the social system attaches its alumni more closely to the university, what increasingly is true is that the system tends to attach the interest of social sets and not of forceful and individual

(Concluded on page 39)



"Well, the boy won't learn anything, but he'll get a chance to make the friends that'll be useful to him in after life"

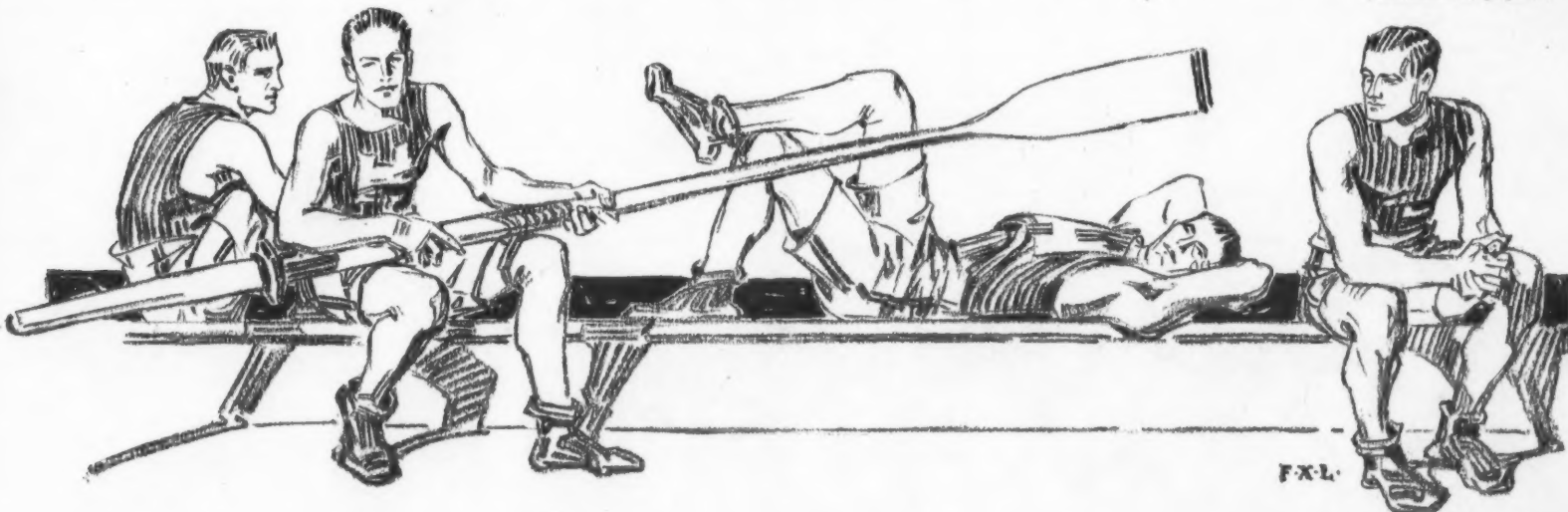
F.X.L.

attacking all colleges alike, surely and inevitably moving Yale and Princeton in the same current toward the same destination.

If the problem appears most grave in the harmful influences which it exerts on its beneficiaries, by contracting their horizon, depriving them of the wide understanding of men and problems which should spur them to political and economical leadership; diverting them from serious reflections and a thorough discipline of their minds, while handicapping them by an early fondness for luxury and habits of indolence—what of the great majority in every college who arrive with enthusiasm and the confident hope in an unrestricted fraternity of ideas and association, and who suddenly find themselves outside the walls, disillusioned and bitter?

From one-third to one-half of every university is in either open or tacit revolt against the social examination in vogue, and, what is more, carry with them in after life this resentment or bitterness. Men of potential ability who, because life is serious and education a struggle, are unable to enter the undergraduate competitions pass out unrecognized. The same is generally true of men of scholarly attainments who by the operation of the system are deprived of the humanizing influences of their companions of opposite character.

It would be unfair not to give full acknowledgment to



F.X.L.

The Southern Delegates



V.—Winning Kentucky for Taft

PRESIDENT TAFT says: "No instance has been brought to my attention in which specifications of fraud have been sustained by any evidence whatever"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT says: "It is out of the question that Mr. Taft can really be ignorant of what is being done under him. All he has to do is to look at the series of articles running in Collier's Weekly, which describe in detail the way that Federal patronage is being used in the Southern States"

ROOSEVELT won 14 out of the 26 Kentucky "regular" delegates to Chicago. He won them on majority votes. They were taken from him by Mr. Taft and his State bosses, operating through the Taft county chairmen.

These local politicians are Federal officeholders, and they were driven by the power of the Administration, expressed in threat and promise concerning their continuance in office.

It is not true—it cannot be demonstrated—that a majority of the elected delegates to the Louisville State Convention were instructed for Mr. Taft. It is true, and in this article is demonstrated, that Mr. Taft's majority is fraudulent and the product of a State-wide plan carried on simultaneously and universally throughout Kentucky at the county conventions on April 6, when delegates to both the district and the State conventions were elected. This theft of 500 delegates was carried through by the Federal officials, who are reappointed or dismissed according as they work Mr. Taft's will. The job was bossed by Senator Bradley.

Among Kentucky Republicans there was a Roosevelt majority. Of district and State delegates there was a Roosevelt majority. But by manipulation the State sends up to Chicago 4 Taft delegates at large and 19 Taft district delegates. With an honest count the harvest of that day would have been 10 Roosevelt district delegates and 4 Roosevelt delegates at large instead of 3 district delegates as now.

The State conventions would have held 1,200 Roosevelt delegates if honesty had prevailed. This would have been a majority of the 2,300 in the convention, and would have given 4 Roosevelt delegates at large.

The trick was worked all the way from the top. There was a precipitancy of call inspired by the Administration in the assembling of the Southern Republican conventions. The Southern States, almost as a unit, were required to conduct early conventions in order to give a solid Taft delegation. This band wagon of early delegates was then flaunted before the rest of the country for the purpose of forcing the other States into line. The county and district conventions and the State convention were jammed through early in April in Kentucky against the protest of many Republicans. The links in the chain by which Kentucky was lifted over into the Taft column are:

1. The President.
 2. Senator Bradley, the dispenser of the Taft patronage.
 3. The State Central Committee.
 4. A majority of the 119 county chairmen.
 5. The Committee on Credentials.
- Mr. Taft has by personal interview with delegates, Federal officeholders, and bosses sacrificed the Re-

These Kentucky Postmasters and Assistant Postmasters were County Chairmen and presided at the County Conventions on April 6:

	Salary
J. C. Speight, District Chairman, Mayfield, Graves County	\$2,300
D. C. Tackett, Wickliffe, Ballard County	1,100
J. B. McLew, Jackson, Breathitt County	1,500
M. U. Lamb, Princeton, Caldwell County	1,900
A. Downs, Murray, Calloway County	1,700
V. M. Williams, Hopkinsville, Christian County	2,600
Geo. L. Barnes, Frankfort, Franklin County	2,900
Robt. B. Beadles, Fulton, Fulton County	2,200
J. S. Blackwell, Assistant Postmaster, Eminence, Henry County	600
G. W. Bury, Clinton, Hickman County	1,600
Tom M. Davis, Smithland, Livingston County	760
C. H. Linn, Kuttawa, Lyon County	950
C. C. Wallace, Richmond, Madison County	2,400
E. E. Bell, Assistant Postmaster, Paducah, McCracken County	1,600
Wm. Manby, La Grange, Oldham County	1,400
J. B. Hutchison, Assistant Postmaster, Owenton, Owen County	300
J. H. C. Sinclair, Assistant Postmaster, Georgetown, Scott County	1,100
Elmer Wheat, Jamestown, Russell County	500
E. B. Stratton, Taylorsville, Spencer County	1,100
W. R. Wood, Elktion, Todd County	1,400
J. R. Inglis, Milton, Trimble County	870
J. T. Doores, Bowling Green, Warren County	2,700
M. L. Heavrin, District Chairman, Hartford, Ohio County	1,600

publican party in Kentucky to the exigencies of his renomination. He has turned a great voting body of 225,000 men into an asset for his Chicago Convention.

The State Central Committee is a Taft committee—12 out of its 13 members are Taft men. It is a Bradley committee—a majority of its membership are under debt to Senator Bradley for office. It is a committee dominated by Federal patronage—it includes in its membership a postmaster at Paducah, an ex-census supervisor, a postmaster at Mayfield, a surveyor of the

port, a postmaster at Hartford, an uncle of a collector of internal revenue, and a revenue official.

To this Taft-Bradley committee of Federal patronage the request was put that a fair count should be made in the county conventions by the chairman granting divisions. This would show whether the Taft or Roosevelt delegates were in the majority. This request was denied. And it was denied in February, a few moments after the 12 Taft members had been in secret session with Senator Bradley in his bedroom at the Galt House in Louisville, Kentucky. This committee further usurped authority by telling the district conventions when and where they should meet, although the National Committee is the seat of authority for the district conventions. The State Central Committee has no proper authority over district conventions.

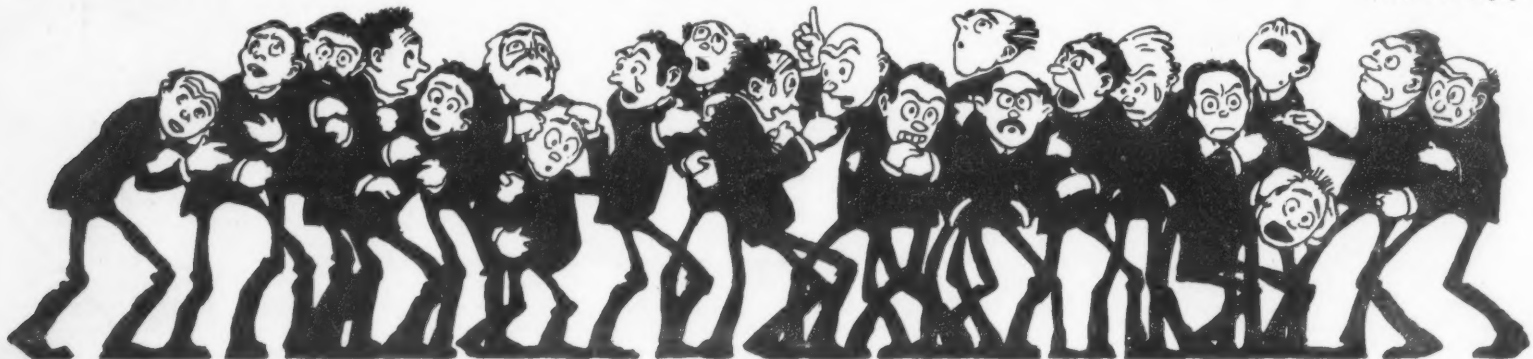
Further, this same State Central Committee directed that the district conventions should be held district by district, "as now constituted." Kentucky was about to be redistricted. A bill was then pending in the Legislature, and the bill was passed before the middle of March, which altered five Congressional districts. In altered form Roosevelt carried two and would have had an excellent chance of carrying four of the districts. The State Central Committee, realizing that this redistricting would go into effect ahead of the meeting of the district conventions, and that it would throw power to Roosevelt, usurped an authority belonging to the National Committee and the districts themselves, and directed the territory and the constituency which should elect.

In furtherance of this scheme the Presidential primary feature of a direct-primary law was defeated. The Kentucky Legislature was about to pass a direct-primary law. Early in the same month of February, J. F. Taylor (Surveyor of the Port and a member of the State Central Committee), L. F. Petty (Collector of Internal Revenue at Louisville), and Senator Bradley came to Frankfort and made an agreement with the Democratic leaders that the Republican vote would be cast with the Democrats for the Direct-Primary Law if the Presidential-primary feature was omitted. The deal was consummated. Once again, Mr. Taft, through the efforts of Federal-patronage beneficiaries, was spared the ordeal of going before the voters of the State for trial of strength between himself and Mr. Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt leaders now proposed to the Taft leaders that a Presidential primary should be held, each faction bearing one-half the expense. The chairman of the State Central Committee, an uncle of a collector of internal revenue, whose appointment was obtained by Senator Bradley, rejected the request without the formality of submitting it to the committee.

The next act in the play rested with the 119 county chairmen, of whom over 30 per cent are Federal officeholders and the relatives of Federal officials. Of these 119, 23 are postmasters and assistant postmasters. The Post Office Department was informed of their political

(Continued on page 26)





Women March

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN



ON SATURDAY afternoon, May 4, in New York City, ten thousand women and men swung up Fifth Avenue from Washington Square toward Carnegie Hall in a springtime of hyacinthine bloom. Have you ever seen a crocus bed five women wide and two hours long? Flags and pennants and banners streamed over their heads like irises, jonquils, tulips, and the green of lily leaves—all in yellow sunshine. The lilaceous color swayed to familiar music. Footsteps fell like the meter of old ballads—"Will ye tell me, Shaun O'Farrell, Where the meeting is to be?"

The procession formed in Washington Square, around the broad, green grass plot, and in the side streets among red brick, respectable-faced old homes, and the churches with dark, squat turrets. It swung up the avenue, between loft buildings, high, narrow, like children's blocks set on end; the fronts many-windowed, sides blank, spattered with black letters. The crowd here was like a log jam in a spring freshet. The buildings could not give an inch to accommodate the people, and overflowed the sidewalks into the roadway. The police flung themselves upon the mass, kneading it like dough. Pressed in at one point, it bulged at another.

Perhaps it was the kneading which made violent ants of the young chaps wearing flat derbies over blank, silly faces. After whetting sharp tongues on "Here come the Loidy Boilermakers' Union," and vituperating some very correct park riding costumes as the mannish result of wanting to vote, they fell in a pack upon the Men's League.

A bulbous man with features lost in a round pincushion of flesh, hat comfortably back, thumbs pompously in waistcoat pockets, inquired jocosely out of the corner of his mouth, not blocked by a rakish cigar, addressing a world-famous scholar:

"Say, Mary, where'd yer leave th' baby?"

A companion, with a die-away chin and a pimple on his nose, selected a Wall Street broker for the scathing query:

"Aw, Susie, be them dishes washed?"

On the other hand, girls, who with tip-tilted noses scorned the trudging women, put their fingers to their dimples and looked thoughtful when six hundred perfectly good men passed them without a sidewise glance.

Above Twenty-third Street in the blocks where shop windows are curio cabinets in color; where rude scaffolds



Looked thoughtful when six hundred perfectly good men passed them

foldings crowd cathedral spires; where club windows are crowded with connoisseurs' faces—in this part of the town comment was of a very different sort.

On either side banked faces sloped up steps and terraces. They were crowded as close as the pinhead figures in the bowls which seafarers used to bring home from China, called "thousand wise men" ware. Above, windows were gay with leaning women, waving handkerchiefs and bright scarfs.

Men, cheering boys, dull-toned women and rainbow women were all crowding toward the curb, peering over the shoulders of the police who held them back, craning to see, whispering with faces close together, tense with eagerness at gaze.

Down this living lane the other women walked in serried ranks, quick, rhythmic, unceasing as the beating of throbbing hearts. They were in striking contrast to the sidewalk crowds. Most of them wore white suits, the others dark, unobtrusive frocks—all of them were dressed with extreme plainness. They had stripped themselves of frippery; they were bare of gewgaws. They longed to wipe out all distinguishing class marks; to express "the solidarity of women," or, in the old words—sisterhood.

Except in a few instances, the sidewalk crowd watched the procession in an extraordinary silence. So lovely in its color, winding like a flexible rainbow, up and down as far as one could see—and yet, so serious. Like a medieval pageant in some far-away city of the past—and yet, so very new. From the window of a great political club men watched with serious eyes and silent lips.

"Why don't they say something?" cried a resentful flag-waving woman.

"Madam," replied an old gentleman, who leaned shaking hands on his heavy staff, "they do not speak because they are too busy thinking. Your parade is making men think."

A VERY beautiful woman came out of a shop. She was tall, and her gray frock clung round her in knots and folds like a soft rain cloud. From her shoulders drooped a pale, pink-lined scarf. Her black hair was dressed severely close to her head. She was an exquisite creature who had flowered perfectly in happiness and wealth and wisdom. As she stood, caught in the crowd, unable to reach her motor, she watched the parade, a wise, slight smile on her lips. A man beside her was speaking in German. He was a short, thickset man with a light mustache. He spoke dogmatically in the tone of one accustomed to obedience. He said:

"I do not allow my wife to make a fool of herself like this. Cooking and children are women's business. I have been three months in America. The women here care only for clothes. The American women disgust me."

The wise, slight smile faded from the woman's lips. She turned imperiously. For the first time in all her well-ordered life she addressed a strange man. She said, speaking also in German:

"Cooking, yes. And children, yes. But the brain—and the soul? For us, too, exists the ideal. When you have been longer in America, you will understand better the American woman."

While the man still stared at her with open mouth, she swept her draperies off the pavement, and stepped into the roadway to march beside her sister women.

Newspaper photographers stood in a shifting bunch in the open space where the avenue crosses Broadway. From here one could best see the parade in detail. The photographers darted about, putting in plates, cranking films, pulling out shutters, clicking buttons, leaping forward, poising in a position suggesting horrid pain, to grip cameras firmly in the pit of their stomachs, as the cavalcade trotted into view.

First came the line of mounted police, blasé of parades, each face repeating the conscious passivity of the next. They were followed by the "suffrage cavalry," some fifty horsewomen, wearing black hats cockaded in green

and purple—and the parade was on. The women marched by occupation or club or political district; the men marched by sex—except some who preferred to be with their wives. You see, conditions were reversed from the usual. The official program of the first part of the procession read like a business directory—doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, buyers, sellers, traders, agents, players, writers, sculptors, farmers, nurses, tailors, cooks. Learned ladies and drudges and craftsmen—workwomen all.

CLUB groups followed the guilds. A flock of high-school girls in gym skirts, middie blouses, and red ties braced themselves, arms extended, to hold a great flag carried flat. "All This," says a banner, "Is the Natural Consequence of Teaching Girls to Read." Quaker ladies in soft gray gowns and bonnets rustled along. Again there was a band of women carrying yellow Chinese parasols and a banner with the device: "Catching Up with China." College graduates with degrees dripping from their names wore caps and gowns. One foreign gown was brilliant red with blue stripes. Another had an ermine hood. In the Trades-Union League many of the workers were girls in short skirts with hair bobbed up with big ribbon bows: short, stocky children who walk heavily, as if weary, even when they are not weary at all. They carried a black banner on which was printed in white letters: "We Want the Vote for Our Protection." The same girls carried this banner a year ago in a very different procession. That terrible day the marchers linked arms to support the fainting ones as they tramped in pouring rain, through deserted streets, in memory of their comrades dying horribly in the Triangle fire.

One white-frosted section chose blue for its banners and scarfs and ribbons. When this group halted for a minute in Madison Square, it seemed suddenly as if blue and white leaped out of the background. Above was a mackerel sky, schools of fleecy white clouds swimming in blue depths. Behind, the great tower was dead white against blue. The scene was an Alma Tadema painting of Italian marble and sky and graceful women.

Here stand a mother and child watching. The child is a dot of a creature, chiefly white legs and a huge hat. The mother is a buxom young matron in white. She has cleverly pushed her plumpness up onto her shoulders and covered it with a lich-gate hat. Says the small white mushroom to the large white puff ball:

"Mommer, I want to see the lantern-jawed sisters popper said we'd see! Mommer, these ain't no lantern-jawed sisters!"

Near the corner of one street, on the curb at the edge of the crowd, stood a white-haired old gentleman holding his hat in his hand with an attitude of the utmost

respect. As the procession paused a moment in front of him, a girl bearing a banner caught his eye and smiled. He raised his hat higher and said: "God bless you, dear ladies. God bless you."

Two carriages, driven by women, carried white-haired, sweet-faced "suffrage veterans." They who fought on foot for weary years are now placed in seats of honor; are now lovingly tended by women not born when the fight began. As the oldest of them all, the Rev. Antoinette Blackwell, bent from her flower-wreathed carriage, benignly smiling into eager, upturned faces, she seemed the gentle grandmother of all suffragists.

A group of women from Norway, Sweden, and Finland were led by a half dozen in peasant costume—red skirts, short, full, swinging; laced bodices; caps as light as large snowflakes.

A white-bearded old gentleman, attracted by the bouquet of color, asked who were these women.

"They are women who could vote in their own



"They ain't so awful mannish, Pop"



"Aw, Susie, be them dishes washed?"



"Then White Corners heard the minister and Father Farrell was going to investigate a vanishing"

The Vanisher

By ARTHUR COLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"I SEE a voodoo man in Africa jump on a bonfire and burn up," said Uncle Biddle. "He looked like a haycock on account of having so much grass tied on him, and burnt lively and yelled a sort of tune, and the other folks thumped drums. After that he came and wanted me to pay for the show, so I argued it wa'n't him, but the haycock, that burnt up, but he argued it was him. I gathered his idea wa'n't so much that his constitution was queer, but his singing was magical, so you couldn't burn him up to stay. I do know. Niggers will lie. But it looked like he burnt up. On the other hand, their singing seemed to me mighty poor singing. But I knew a man named William Henry Harris that used to vanish in his back yard, and he wa'n't a voodoo. But Mrs. Harris was a nagger, and he took to it to discipline her. He lived at White Corners, and White Corners was a crossroads two miles beyond James Gilleray's place, and half a mile from its railroad station. I married Molly Gilleray and we lived with old James. There was a Catholic church at White Corners, presided over by Father Farrell, and a Protestant one, and Hogan's hotel. Hogan's was a grocery store too, besides being a saloon and a livery stable. You could get most anything you wanted of Hogan. And there was twenty or thirty houses round about, or strung out along the roads. William Henry Harris hadn't been there long when I knew White Corners. His wife was a nagger, till he got to vanishing off the back yards so it took the spirit out of her, till she was used to it or something. She was a mighty close bargainer too, because James Gilleray said she done him out of \$8.60 on a deal in pigs, and she didn't know as much about pigs as James Gilleray. The first time I see—well—I was sitting on a cracker barrel in Hogan's, and William Henry says:

"All I says is," says William Henry, "first I fixes my mind on something, then I goes off in a trance, then I don't know a thing, then I come to somewhere else. If folks say I've vanished, doggone it!" he says. "I can't deny it, can I? Most times when I fix my mind I don't fetch no trance."

"Sure!" says Hogan. "If William can't explain it, he can't, and it's no use to be studying the wonders of creation," he says. "But I've seen enough to bet \$20 if he'll try once a day for a week, he'll fetch it in the week," he says, "and let the winner give William \$5 for his work." Most of White Corners was scoffers then. The bet was covered before Hogan had time to repent, and the meeting adjourned to Harris's house, and when Mrs. Harris learned William was to have \$5, she acted pretty calm. She let us watch him through the kitchen windows, and William Henry went out and got behind

the well curb, where you couldn't see him, and we watched till we was tired, and wanted to quit, and went out to see, and William Henry was sitting on the ground back of the well curb with a far-off look.

"I can't fetch it," he says, kind of pathetic. "I'm clean wore out trying."

"That was Monday, if I recollect. It was Thursday, after about three days' trying, before he fetched it. The back yard was small, and the well curb was near the middle, with a chain bucket that come up on a roller. By watching in all of three windows you could see ground on all sides of the curb. Thursday, when we got tired and ready to quit and went out to call off William Henry, he wa'n't there.

"Shucks!" I says. "He's gone down the well." I didn't see how he got in it without climbing over the well curb. Moreover, he wa'n't there, because I climbed down the chain to see, because I had two dollars mixed in Hogan's bet. Moreover, we searched the Harris's house and the houses next it, and Mrs. Harris says: "It's dreadful trying," she says, sort of complaining, "but it do seem to look more decent if he can earn something by it now and then."

"William Henry came down to Hogan's next day at noon, and said he'd just come to, and was found in bed with his boots on, and Mrs. Harris jerking him and talking considerable rapid about wearing boots in bed, and he couldn't have been there long or she'd have found him before. His notion was that being tranced was the same as being vanished, and the same time he got out of one he got out of the other. Hogan wanted to start another bet. You never see a man that liked to bet more than Hogan. If he see a mosquito he'd bet what man he'd bite first, and likely he'd have some kind of agreement with the mosquito, or it might have been luck, or it might have been strategy and judiciousness. He was a large, smooth-faced Irishman, sort of round all over, but William Henry Harris was a wiry-built man with a smoky eye and a black beard. He claimed he couldn't vanish without he put his mind to it, and maybe not then. But I was sitting on a cracker barrel in Hogan's and I see him come in, and then I didn't hear him, and looked around and he wa'n't there.

"AFTER a while Hogan says: 'I'll bet \$20 he vanished.'"

"Didn't neither," says a man named Wiley, who was a sexton. "I see him step back."

"So Hogan's bet got taken quick. But William Henry vanished, because we couldn't find him nowhere in Hogan's cellar, supposing he'd vanished through the cellar window, and there wa'n't anywhere else he could

vanish to very well, and the next seen of him was the morning after, and he was down by the creek, eating blackberries with his coat pockets full of squashed blackberries and leaking juice. He says:

"I'm getting worse, boys," he says. "It comes on me while I was thinking I'd just step into Hogan's and get some baking powder, because Mrs. Harris says if I didn't get the baking powder I wouldn't get no bread, and the next thing here I be picking blackberries," he says, looking like he was going to weep. "She didn't say a word about blackberries."

"HOGAN won a good deal of money on William Henry, first and last. Sometimes he'd bet against the vanish, sometimes for it. Sometimes he'd lose. But he must have cleaned up considerable in the main, because I watched his run of luck, because White Corners got permeated with a fever for gambling on William Henry something wonderful, and it ain't to be denied there was hard feeling. Somebody claimed he see William Henry vanish from being bumped into, and folks took to bumping him shameful on the credit of that there legend, especially Benny Wiley, who was a sexton. I see Benny Wiley bump him frequent, and some other folks. 'Vanish, you dumb idjet!' says Wiley, and bumps him sideways, or endways, or anyways. So you could see there was hard feeling in the town, and you couldn't blame William Henry for feeling exasperated, with half White Corners liable to creep up behind and spill him into the road.

"It won't come that way!" he says. "You let me alone!" he says. "Don't I know?"

"Course he ought to know. But Benny Wiley kept bumping him, up to the time he vanished out of Sunday meeting in the long prayer. Because Wiley bet \$1.50 he couldn't, and he did, with Mrs. Harris on one side of him and Wiley on the other. When the minister was through, William Henry wa'n't there. But he came to in the belfry about ten o'clock Monday, because I heard the church bell tolling, and then I see Wiley come down the street talking excited about the bell, and me and four more went up with him to the belfry, where William Henry Harris was sitting pumping away with the tolling clapper and looking dazed.

"Come off that bell!" says Wiley.

"Bell?" says William Henry. "Was I ringing the bell? Why, I thought I was having a dream," he says in a far-away voice. "I was dreaming I was a duck in a duck pond and swallowed a frog, and he kept a-booming in my stomick, he did, and I kept heaving to get him up. It was something like a bell. I must have been pushing the clapper," he says.

"I do' know. It don't stand to reason a man would have a dream like that. And yet he might, when he was vanished. Hogan made \$23 on that vanishment, but he had some bets it wouldn't come off till evening prayer meeting, and lost those, but he cleaned up \$23. Wiley lost \$1.50. Somehow I had a notion Wiley wa'n't as discontented as he ought to have been. The minister took to wrath about goings on like that in his church. I caught up with him going out to see Father Farrell about it. He said the town was getting demoralized. I guess it was. Seemed to me it was voodooed. Mostly it hung around Hogan's, and sicked William Henry on to vanish, and swallowed indigestible mythology about vanishments and spirits and half-caste miracles. The first man you met, if you told him you'd seen William H. Harris fry himself in his frying pan till he looked like a little slice of fried bacon and smelt of burnt leather, blamed if he wouldn't believe you! Reminded me of Africa. Near as I could count, William H. fetched about six separate vanishments that summer, or about one in two weeks. Two of 'em was off his own back yard.

"Speaking of William Henry Harris's dream," said Uncle Biddle, after a pause, "Father Farrell had a fine lot of ducks in a pond below his house, and he come near licking the hair off me for converting his ducks into Protestants. He was sure big enough to do it, being as broad as a barn door, but he changed the ducks' feed from corn to bran mash, and they didn't like it. And I told him 'twas no good, and laid a corn trail from the pond to his front door, while he was taking his four o'clock nap, and scattered corn by the door, so the ducks come quacking to the door, and Father Farrell woke up and come to the window.

"Hi, there!" I says, 'your ducks are turned Protestant.'

"They're not!" says he.

"Don't you hear 'em protesting?" I says.

"Will ye teach me theology?" he says, getting mad. 'Protesting don't make a Protestant.'

"Oh, don't it?" says I. 'Then maybe if your ducks go home with me they won't be schismatical,' I says, knowing it for a sumptuous and provoking word. Then I walks off, trailing corn behind and the ducks after the corn.

"I'll lick the hair off ye!" says he. He would too, only he couldn't catch me. But he caught the ducks. So they had to go back to bran mash and the catechism.

"WAS you going to speak of the catechism," some one said after a while, "or was William Henry vanished for good, or wasn't he, or was you thinking of something else?"

"I was thinking," said Uncle Biddle, "that sarcasm is becoming to some folks, and to some it ain't. It's strange how some folks can't handle sarcasm no more than a pig can handle a spoon. It reminds me of what Father Farrell said to the Protestant minister.

"Vanishment," he says, 'is becoming to some folks. Now it seems to me,' he says, 'vanishment would be becoming to William H. Harris, if he'd stay so. Let him vanish for good, and if Mrs. Harris went too, sure I'd call that a handsome vacancy, I would.'

"The town's demoralized!" says the minister. 'It's Hogan and his gambling!'

"Ah!" says Father Farrell. 'I'll get Hogan to confession. Gambling! I believe you! He'd have won \$2.50 off me on the weight of me black-billed drake if I hadn't resisted temptation. The old rogue! It was last Thursday. Sure he must have been weighing the drake.'

"Well," I says, 'leaving out the superior wickedness of the party that happens to be the other man's parishioner, why don't you ask advice of a man of the world?'

"Ye little tadpole!" says Father Farrell. 'Give your advice then, but don't sniff at your betters.'

"Well, I'd advise taking stock in Harris, Hogan & Co., Incorporated, Manufacturers and Dealers in Vanishments, First-Class Line of Vanishments, Discount to Jobbers, and all right if you're on the inside, but if you ain't the stock may be speculative.'

"What on earth do you mean?" says the minister.

"I do' know," I says, 'but if I had Hogan on his knees, with perdition to club him with, blamed if I wouldn't arrange a vanishment to suit myself.'

"G'wan with ye!" says Father Farrell. 'I have a premonitory sinse of diviltry.'

"Mind," I says, 'I ain't saying William H. ain't a gifted vanisher, and, contrary, I leans to the opinion there's a natural vaporiness about him, and I guess likely he may be an honest voodoo, but I don't see why Father Farrell ain't good medicine too.'

"I smell your rat," says the priest.

"Bless my soul!" says the minister, 'I don't at all.'

"THEN we started for White Corners, discussing projections.

"I do' know what Father Farrell said to Hogan; nor Mr. Mason, the minister, to William H. Harris. Hogan looked pretty meek after it, and William H. couldn't look any meeker than he naturally did anyhow. But Father Farrell says: 'We'll credit you with the suggestion, Biddle,' he says. 'You may go home now.'

"What's up?" I says.

"'Tis in wiser hands than yours," he says, dignified. 'Tis all fixed, and a very pretty plan of Hogan's—I'll credit him with that.'

"Then I see him and the minister and William H. Harris, and Fishy Farrand, the station agent at the depot, all going into Hogan's together. Fishy Farrand was called Fishy on account of his countenance that was pop-eyed and projecty-mouthed, so he had a kind of looks mighty irritating in a human. His house was part of the station, or the station was part of his house. Anyhow there was a door from his kitchen into the freight room.

"Then White Corners heard the minister and Father Farrell was going to investigate a vanishing, so they come to that vanishing unanimous. The minister got up on the station platform and announced the regulations: All doors to be locked, shutters closed, exits from station as well as house to be guarded: William H. Harris not to be spied on or otherwise disturbed in fixing his mind, except a delegation was to go in every half hour and report how he looked, so long as there was anything to look at. If he didn't make out to vanish by six o'clock, experiment was to start again next day.

"So the station and Fishy Farrand's house was surrounded. Men, children, to say nothing of women and babies, on the road, platforms, and railroad tracks. Delegations went in and came out, and said William H. was sitting next the kitchen stove and hadn't moved, and was looking some glassy in the eyes, but as a body or object you couldn't say he'd faded any. But about half-past four one of 'em says, sort of thinking it over:

"Seems to me I didn't see no feet on him," he says. 'Seems to me I looked at him all, and yet, thinking it over, I don't recollect no feet.'

"Another man says: 'Seems to me he looked queer round the jaws and shoulders, same as if he might be coming apart around there.'

"When the five o'clock delegation went in, there was a moment all still, and then a yell, and then a mob fighting to get into Fishy Farrand's house, because William H. Harris was vanished.

"HE WAN'T nowhere in the house, because they searched it high and low. Blamed if some one didn't climb on the roof and start looking under the shingles, till Fishy Farrand made obstreperous trouble about prying off his shingles. The 5.15 freight was in, and commenced loading apple barrels from the other end of the station. Toward half-past five somebody found a way of getting from Farrand's cellar under the station, but William H. wasn't under the station. It was some time later, and word was passed that Father Farrell had a word to say. He said it standing in the freight house door, with White Corners crowded 'round.

"It's a game has been put up on you these three months," he says, 'and well you deserve it. For them that's lost money I'm glad of it, and them that's won, they'll give it to me to paint me church, or I'll know why! Not meaning the Protestants, for Mr. Mason can tend to his own heretics. I've been laying for this freckled sinfulness to explode it,' he says, 'and I have it under me thumb,' he says, 'for those of you that ain't thieves is silly,' he says, 'and most of ye's both,' he says, and he went over to the door into Farrand's kitchen. 'Locked, is it!' he says, 'and what's the matter with William Harris's having a duplicate key, or Fishy Farrand being cahoots with William Harris?'

"Then he turned to a big goods box by the door that was addressed to parties in Brooklyn.

"Foine tight box is this," he says with the sarcasm spread all over the acres of his countenance. 'The nails look good. What's the matter with some of them being set loose in gimlet holes so the board would come off,' he says, 'and inside screws so you could screw it tight again when you're inside? What's the matter with accommodating yourself under some excelsior and a rocking-chair,' he says, 'and being shipped by night freight to friends of Jimmy Hogan's in Brooklyn,' he says, 'or unscrewing yourself whenever you liked, outside of White Corners, provided you're not caught, and coming back to White Corners looking mystical, and acting mad at the way the uncanny powers that oughtn't to be was dropping you around in strange places?' he says, ripping off boards with a hatchet, and getting red in the face with exertion and disgust. 'Excelsior is comfortable padding,' he says, throwing it out like a hen scratching for worms.

"THE freight room was jammed. White Corners had its mouth open and its soul was dumb with wonderment.

"A rocking-chair, to be sure! How surprised I am!" he says, heaving out the rocking-chair regardless. 'Now thin, ye scrawny little serpent,' he says, reaching for William H. 'Ho! Well! Hmp! How!' he says, making hideous noises inside the box. Then he came out, looking like a volcano that had swallowed an earthquake. Six or a dozen heads went into the box. William H. Harris wa'n't in the box.

"I see Hogan pushing his way out the freight room door, and I heard Father Farrell roaring: 'Hogan, ye villain!' and he pushed after him. And when I got out myself, I see Hogan trotting up the road toward the Corners, and Father Farrell trotting forty yards behind. Because trotting was as much as either of 'em could fetch, Hogan weighing two hundred and twenty and Father Farrell more'n three hundred, but they was each doing the best that lay in him. All the rest of White Corners went stringing after—men, women, children, and baby carriages—to see what Father Farrell was going to do to Hogan. The freight train was pulling out with the brakemen all on the roofs of the cars, wondering over the behaviors and eruptions of White Corners, and only me and the minister was left, and we sat down on the station platform, and conversed.

"Speaking of races and pursuits," said Uncle Biddle, after a pause, "I see a hundred and eleven fat men and women trotting 'round a little race track in procession to cut down weight. I do' know. Always seemed to me it was quite a sight. It was in Austria, because I went there to see a doctor that knew about elephants' diseases. Good elephant doctors is some scarce. But that one was—"

"WHERE did William Henry Harris go to?" some one broke in.

"Well," said Uncle Biddle, "that's what the minister was asking me when we sat on the station platform. He was nursing his knees and sort of gazing up into the heavens, and he says:

"Where do you suppose he went to?" he says.

"I don't suppose he went that way," I says, meaning the way he was looking, 'nor I don't believe he ever will go there,' I says, 'what's more.'

"Perhaps not. In fact, it doesn't look hopeful, does it?" he says, sort of absent-minded. 'But do you suppose Father Farrell and Mr. Hogan will have a physical contest?'

"Spiritual!" I says. 'Spiritual!'

"Spiritual, of course, eventually, but at first—in the



"Delegations went in and came out, and said William H. was sitting next the kitchen stove and hadn't moved."

Behind the Singer Tower

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARDING



Glancing at him with the contemptuous expression that ambulance orderlies have when a man is too shattered to pick up

IT WAS a hot, close night in May, the night after the burning of the Mont Blanc Hotel, and some half dozen of us who had been thrown together, more or less, during that terrible day, accepted Fred Hallet's invitation to go for a turn in his launch, which was tied up in the North River. We were all tired and unstrung and heart sick, and the quiet of the night and the coolness on the water relaxed our tense nerves a little. None of us talked much as we slid down the river and out into the bay. We were in a kind of stupor. When the launch ran out into the harbor, we saw an Atlantic liner come steaming up the big sea road. She passed so near us that we could see her crowded steerage decks. "It's the *Re di Napoli*," said Johnson of the "Herald." "She's going to land her first cabin passengers to-night, evidently. Those people are terribly proud of their new docks in the North River; feel they've come up in the world."

We ruffled easily along through the bay, looking behind us at the wide circle of lights that rim the horizon from east to west and from west to east, all the way round except for that narrow, much-traveled highway, the road to the open sea. Running a launch about the harbor at night is a good deal like bicycling among the motors on Fifth Avenue. That night there was probably no less activity than usual; the turtle-backed ferry-boats swung to and fro, the tugs screamed and panted beside the freight cars they were towing on barges, the Coney Island boats threw out their streams of light and faded away. Boats of every shape and purpose went about their business and made noise enough as they did it, doubtless. But to us, after what we had been seeing and hearing all day long, the place seemed unnaturally quiet and the night unnaturally black. There was a brooding mournfulness over the harbor, as if the ghost of helplessness and terror were abroad in the darkness. One felt a solemnity in the misty spring sky where only a few stars shone, pale and far apart, and in the sighs of the heavy black water that rolled up into the light. The city itself, as we looked back at it, seemed enveloped in a tragic self-consciousness. Those incredible towers of stone and steel seemed, in the mist, to be grouped confusedly together, as if they were confronting each other with a question. They looked positively lonely, like the great trees left after a forest is cut away. One might fancy that the city was protesting, was asserting its helplessness, its irresponsibility for its physical conformation, for the direction it had taken. It was an irregular parallelogram pressed between two hemispheres, and, like any other solid squeezed in a vise, it shot upward.

THERE were six of us in the launch: two newspaper men—Johnson and myself; Fred Hallet, the engineer, and one of his draftsmen; a lawyer from the District Attorney's office; and Zablowski, a young Jewish doctor from the Rockefeller Institute. We did not talk; there was only one thing to talk about, and we had had enough of that. Before we left town the death list of the Mont Blanc had gone above three hundred.

The Mont Blanc was the complete expression of the New York idea in architecture; a thirty-five story hotel which made the Plaza look modest. Its prices, like its

proportions, as the newspapers had so often asseverated, outscaled everything in the known world. And it was still standing there, massive and brutally unconcerned, only a little blackened about its thousand windows and with the foolish fire escapes in its court melted down. About the fire itself nobody knew much. It had begun on the twelfth story, broken out through the windows, shot up long streamers that had gone in at the windows above, and so on up to the top. A high wind and much upholstery and oiled wood had given it incredible speed.

On the night of the fire the hotel was full of people from everywhere, and by morning half a dozen trusts had lost their presidents, two States had lost their Governors, and one of the great European powers had lost its Ambassador. So many businesses had been disorganized that Wall Street had shut down for the day.

They had been snuffed out, these important men, as lightly as the casual guests who had come to town to spend money, or as the pampered opera singers who had returned from an overland tour and were waiting to sail on Saturday. The lists were still vague, for whether the victims had jumped or not, identification was difficult, and, in either case, they had met with obliteration, absolute effacement, as when a drop of water falls into the sea.

OUT of all I had seen that day, one thing kept recurring to me; perhaps because it was so little in the face of a destruction so vast. In the afternoon, when I was going over the building with the firemen, I found, on the ledge of a window on the fifteenth floor, a man's hand snapped off at the wrist as cleanly as if it had been taken off by a cutlass—he had thrown out his arm in falling.

It had belonged to Graziani, the tenor, who had occupied a suite on the thirty-second floor. We identified it by a little-finger ring, which had been given to him by the German Emperor. Yes, it was the same hand. I had seen it often enough when he placed it so confidently over his chest as he began his "Celeste Aida," or when he lifted—much too often, alas!—his little glasses of white arrack at Martin's. When he toured the world he must have whatever was most costly and most characteristic in every city; in New York he had the thirty-second story, poor fellow! He had plunged from there toward the cobwebby life nets stretched five hundred feet below on the asphalt. Well, at any rate, he would never drag out an obese old age in the English country house he had built near Naples.

Heretofore fires in fireproof buildings of many stories had occurred only in factory lofts, and the people who perished in them, fur workers and garment workers, were obscure for more reasons than one; most of them bore names unpronounceable to the American tongue; many of them had no kinsmen, no history, no record anywhere.

But we realized that, after the burning of the Mont Blanc, the New York idea would be called to

account by every State in the Union, by all the great capitals of the world. Never before, in a single day, had so many of the names that feed and furnish the newspapers appeared in their columns all together, and for the last time.

IN NEW YORK the matter of height was spoken of jocularly and triumphantly. The very window cleaners always joked about it as they buckled themselves fast outside your office in the forty-fifth story of the Wertheimer tower, though the average for window cleaners who, for one reason or another, dropped to the pavement was something over one a day. In a city with so many millions of windows that was not perhaps an unreasonable percentage. But we felt that the Mont Blanc disaster would bring our peculiar type of building into unpleasant prominence, as the cholera used to make Naples and the conditions of life there too much a matter of discussion, or as the earthquake of 1905 gave such undesirable notoriety to the affairs of San Francisco.

For once we were actually afraid of being too much in the public eye, of being overadvertised. As I looked at the great incandescent signs along the Jersey shore, blazing across the night the names of beer and perfumes and corsets, it occurred to me that, after all, that kind of thing could be overdone; a single name, a single question, could be blazed too far. Our whole scheme of life and progress and profit was perpendicular.

There was nothing for us but height. We were whipped up the ladder. We depended upon the ever-growing possibilities of girders and rivets as Holland depends on her dikes.

"Did you ever notice," Johnson remarked when we were about halfway across to Staten Island, "what a Jewy-looking thing the Singer Tower is when it's lit up? The fellow who placed those incandescents must have had a sense of humor. It's exactly like the Jewish high priest in the old Bible Dictionaries."

He pointed back, outlining with his forefinger the jeweled miter, the high, sloping shoulders, and the hands pressed together in the traditional posture of prayer.

Zablowski, the young Jewish doctor, smiled and shook his head. He was a very handsome fellow, with sad, thoughtful eyes, and we were all fond of him, especially Hallet, who was always teasing him. "No, it's not Semitic, Johnson," he said. "That high-peaked turban is more apt to be Persian. He's a Magi or a fire-worshiper of some sort, your high priest. When you get nearer he looks like a Buddha, with two bright rings in his ears."

ZABLOWSKI pointed with his cigar toward the blurred Babylonian heights crowding each other on the narrow tip of the island. Among them rose the colossal figure of the Singer Tower, watching over the city and the harbor like a presiding Genius. He had come out of Asia quietly in the night, no one knew just when or how, and the Statue of Liberty, holding her feeble taper in the gloom off to our left, was but an archeological survival.

"Who could have foreseen that she, in her high-mindedness, would ever spawn a great heathen idol like that?" Hallet exclaimed. "But that's what idealism comes to in the end, Zablowski."



Zablowski laughed mournfully. "What did you expect, Hallet? You've used us for your ends—waste for your machine, and now you talk about infection. Of course we brought germs from over there," he nodded toward the northeast.

"Well, you're all here, at any rate, and I won't argue with you about all that to-night," said Hallet wearily. "The fact is," he went on as he lit a cigar and settled deeper into his chair, "when we met the *Re di Napoli* back there, she set me thinking. She recalled something that happened when I was a boy just out of Tech; when I was working under Merryweather on the Mont Blanc foundation."

WE ALL looked up. Stanley Merryweather was the most successful manipulator of structural steel in New York, and Hallet was the most intelligent; the enmity between them was one of the legends of the Engineers' Society.

Hallet saw our interest and smiled. "I suppose you've heard yarns about why Merryweather and I don't even pretend to get on. People say we went to school together and then had a terrible row of some sort. The fact is, we never did get on, and back there in the foundation work of the Mont Blanc our ways definitely parted. You know how Merryweather happened to get going? He was the only nephew of old Hughie Macfarlane, and Macfarlane was the pioneer in steel construction. He dreamed the dream. When he was a lad, working for the Pennsylvania Bridge Company, he saw Manhattan just as it towers there to-night. Well, Macfarlane was aging and he had no children, so he took his sister's son to make an engineer of him. Macfarlane was a thoroughgoing Scotch Presbyterian, sound Pittsburgh stock, but his sister had committed an indiscretion. She had married a professor of languages in a theological seminary out there; a professor who knew too much about some Oriental tongues I needn't name to be altogether safe. It didn't show much in the old professor, who looked like a Baptist preacher except for his short, thick hands, and of course it is very much veiled in Stanley. When he came up to the Massachusetts Tech he was a big, handsome boy, but there was something in his moist, bright blue eye—well, something that you would recognize, Zablowski."

Zablowski chuckled and inclined his head delicately forward.

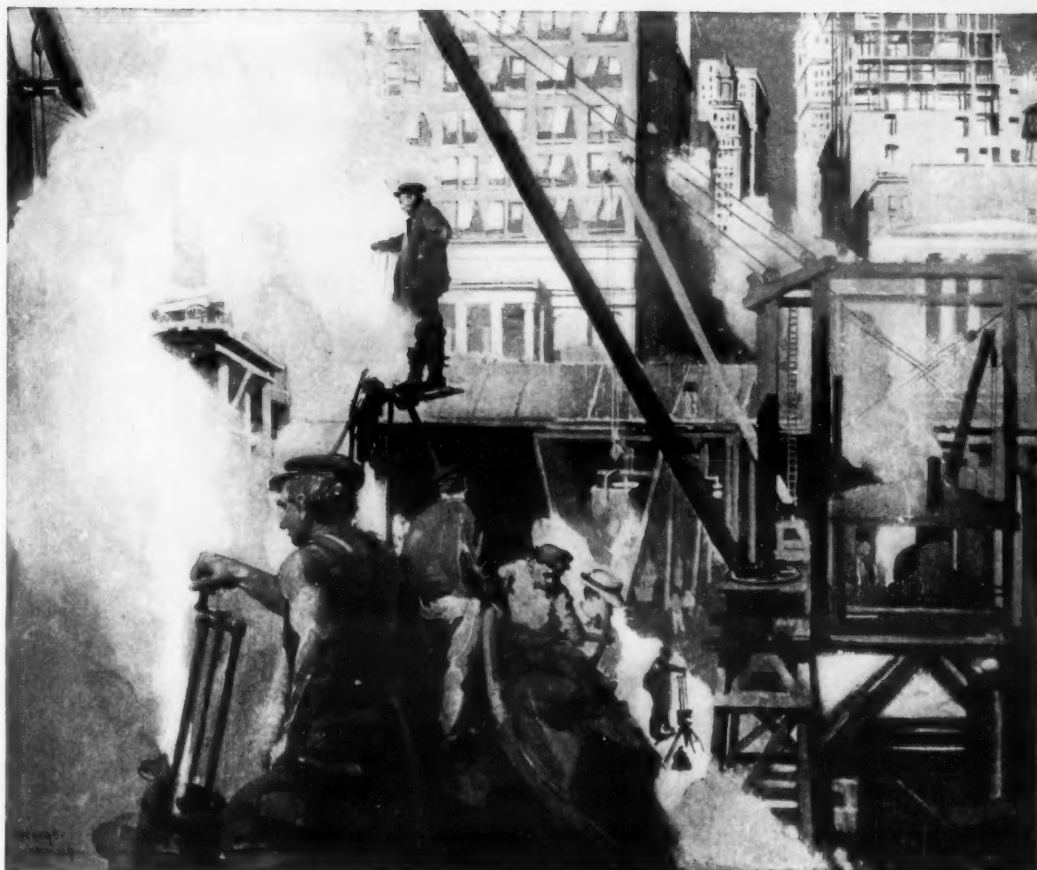
Hallet continued: "Yes, in Stanley Merryweather there were racial characteristics. He was handsome and jolly and glitteringly frank and almost insultingly cordial, and yet he was never really popular. He was quick and superficial, built for high speed and a light load. He liked to come it over people, but when you had him, he always crawled. Didn't seem to hurt him one bit to back down. If you made a fool of him to-night—well, 'to-morrow's another day,' he'd say lightly, and to-morrow he'd blossom out in a new suit of clothes and a necktie of some unusual weave and haunting color. He had the feeling for color and texture. The worst of it was that, as truly as I'm sitting here, he never bore a grudge toward the fellow who'd called his bluff and shown him up for a lush growth; no ill feeling at all, Zablowski. He simply didn't know what that meant—"

Hallet's sentence trailed and hung wistfully in the air, while Zablowski put his hand penitently to his forehead.

"Well, Merryweather was quick and he had plenty of spurt and a taking manner, and he didn't know there had ever been such a thing as modesty or reverence in the world. He got all round the old man, and old Mac was perfectly foolish about him. It was always: 'Is it well with the young man Absalom?' Stanley was a year ahead of me in school, and when he came out of Tech the old man took him right into the business. He married a burgeoning Jewish beauty, Fanny Reizenstein, the daughter of the importer, and he hung her with the jewels of the East until she looked like the Song of Solomon done into motion pictures. I will say for Stanley that he never pretended that anything stronger than Botticelli hurt his eyes. He opened like a lotus flower to the sun and made a streak of color, even in New York. Stanley always felt that Boston hadn't done well by him, and he enjoyed throwing jobs to old Tech men. 'Largess, largess, Lord Marmion, all as he lighted down.' When they began breaking ground for the Mont Blanc I applied for a job because I wanted experience in deep foundation work. Stanley beamed at me across his mirror-finish mahogany and offered me something better, but it was foundation work I wanted, so early in the spring I went into the hole with a gang of twenty dagos.

"It was an awful summer, the worst New York can do in the way of heat, and I guess that's the worst in the world, excepting India maybe. We sweated away, I and my twenty dagos, and I learned a good deal—more than I ever meant to. Now there was one of those men I liked, and it's about him I must tell you. His name was Caesar, but he was so little that the other dagos in the hole called him Caesarino, Little Caesar. He was from the island of Ischia, and I had been there when a young lad with my sister who was ill. I knew the particular goat track Caesarino hailed from, and maybe I had seen him there among all the swarms of eager, panting little animals that roll around in the dust and somehow worry through famine and fever and earthquake, with such a curiously hot spark of life in them and such delight at being allowed to live at all.

May 18



All this time we were making things move in the hole

"Caesarino's father was dead and his older brother was married and had a little swarm of his own to look out for. Caesarino and the next two boys were coral divers and went out with the fleet twice a year; when they were at home they worked about by the day in the vineyards. He couldn't remember ever having had any clothes on in summer until he was ten; spent all his time swimming and diving and sprawling about among the nets on the beach. I've seen 'em, those wild little water dogs; look like little seals with their round eyes and their hair always dripping. Caesarino thought he could make more money in New York than he made diving for coral, and he was the mainstay of the family. There were ever so many little water dogs after him; his father had done the best he could to insure the perpetuity of his breed before he went under the lava to begin all over again by helping to make the vines grow in that marvelously fruitful volcanic soil. Little Caesar came to New York, and that is where we begin.

"He was one of the twenty crumpled, broken little men who worked under me down in that big hole. I first noticed him because he was so young, and so eager to please, and because he was so especially frightened. Wouldn't you be at all this terrifying, complicated machinery, after sun and happy nakedness and a goat track on a volcanic island, with the same old water always rolling in and in? Haven't you ever noticed how, when a dago is hurt on the railroad and they trundle him into the station on a truck, another dago always runs alongside him, holding his hand and looking the more scared of the two? Little Caesar ran about the hole looking like that. He was afraid of everything he touched. He never knew what might go off. Suppose we went to work for some great and powerful nation in Asia that had a civilization built on sciences we knew nothing of, as ours is built on physics and chemistry and higher mathematics; and suppose we knew that to these people we were absolutely meaningless as social beings, were waste to clean their engines, as Zablowski says; that we were there to do the dangerous work, to be poisoned in caissons under rivers, blown up by blasts, drowned in coal mines, and that these masters of ours were as indifferent to us individually as the Carthaginians were to their mercenaries? I'll tell you we'd guard the precious little spark of life with trembling hands."

"But I say—" sputtered the lawyer from the District Attorney's office.

"I know, I know, Chambers." Hallet put out a soothing hand. "We don't want 'em, God knows. They come. But why do they come? It's the pressure of their time and ours. It's not rich pickings they've got where I've worked with them, let me tell you. Well, Caesarino, with the others, came. The first morning I went on my job he was there, more scared of a new boss than any of the others; literally quaking. He was only twenty-three and lighter than the other men, and he was afraid I'd notice that. I thought he would pull his shoulder blades loose. After one big heave I stopped beside him and dropped a word, 'buono soldato.' In a minute he was grinning with all his teeth, and he squeaked out: 'Buono soldato, da boss he talka dago!' That was the beginning of our acquaintance."

Hallet paused a moment and smoked thoughtfully. He was a soft man for the iron age, I reflected, and it was easy enough to see why Stanley Merryweather had beaten him in the race. There is a string to every big contract in New York, and Hallet was always tripping over the string.

"From that time on we were friends. I knew just six words of Italian, but that summer I got so that I could understand his fool dialect pretty well. I used to feel ashamed of the way he'd look at me, like a girl in love. You see, I was the only thing he wasn't afraid of. On Sundays we used to poke off to a beach somewhere, and he'd lie in the water all day and tell me about the coral divers and the bottom of the Mediterranean. I got very fond of him. It was my first summer in New York and I was lonesome, too. The game down here looked pretty ugly to me. There were plenty of disagreeable things to think about, and it was better fun to see how much soda water Caesarino could drink. He never drank wine. He used to say: 'At home—oh, yes-a! At New York,' making that wise little gesture with the forefinger between his eyes, 'niente. Sav'-a da mon!' But even his economy had its weak spots. He was very fond of candy, and he was always buying 'pop-a corn off-a da push-a cart.'

"However, he had sent home a good deal of money, and his mother was ailing and he was so frightened about her and so generally homesick that I urged him to go back to Ischia for the winter. There was a poor prospect for steady work, and if he went home he wouldn't be out much more than if he stayed in New York working on half time. He backed and filled and agonized a good deal, but when I at last got him to the point of engaging his passage he was the happiest dago on Manhattan Island. He told me about it all a hundred times.

"His mother, from the *piccola casa* on the cliff, could see all the boats go by to Naples. She always watched for them. Possibly he would be able to see her from the steamer, or at least the *casa*, or certainly the place where the *casa* stood.

ALL this time we were making things move in the hole. Old Macfarlane wasn't around much in those days. He passed on the results, but Stanley had a free hand as to ways and means. He made amazing mistakes, harrowing blunders. His path was strewn with hairbreadth escapes, but they never dampened his courage or took the spurt out of him. After a close shave he'd simply duck his head and smile brightly and say: 'Well, I got that across, old Persimmons!' I'm not underestimating the value of dash and intrepidity. He made the wheels go round. One of his maxims was that men are cheaper than machinery. He smashed up a lot of hands, but he always got out under the fellow-servant act. 'Never been caught yet, huh?' he used to say with his pleasant, confiding wink. I'd been complaining to him for a long while about the cabling, but he always put me off; sometimes with a surly insinuation that I was nervous about my own head, but oftener with fine good humor. At last something did happen in the hole.

"It happened one night late in August, after a stretch of heat that broke the thermometers. For a week there

(Concluded on page 41)

The Discovery of the South Pole



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The World's Last Unknown Place

This photograph was taken by Captain Amundsen on the afternoon of December 14, 1911, the day he achieved his polar conquest. The Norwegian flag marks the pole. Oscar Wisting, one of Amundsen's four companions, is about to begin to make camp. There is no impression of hardship about the scene; the dogs are plump and strong; the stores are plentiful, and the man unwearyed. The stores, it will be observed, have been carried in boxes instead of bags, the former polar practice. The sleeping bags are lashed on top of the boxes

Amundsen's Official Photographs



Hell's Gate at the Devil's Glacier

The glacier, one of the worst obstacles overcome by the marchers, was reached on November 29 and not surmounted for three days. In the right foreground is one of the great crevasses which the expedition crossed. At the center is the snow bridge. The marks of the skis show by their angle that the party is moving upward. A mountain 12,000 feet high was visible to the east of this glacier

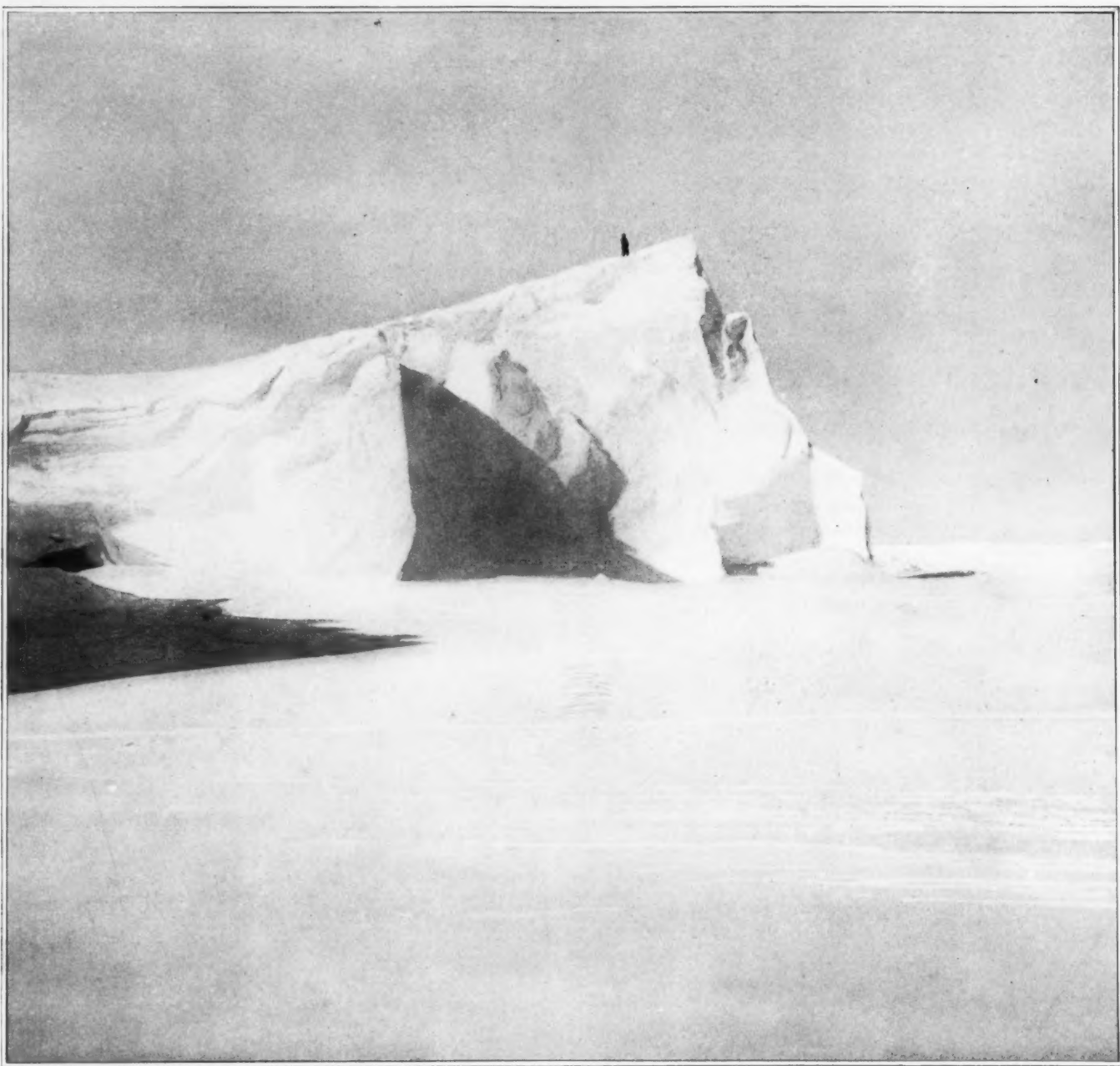


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A Camp on the Level Barrier

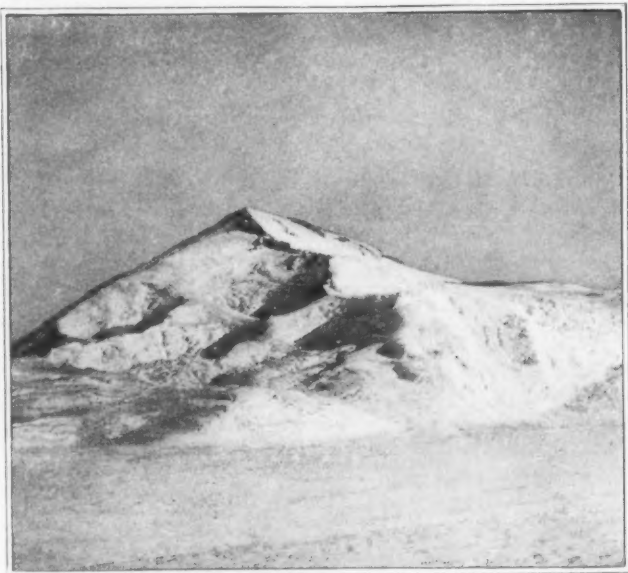
For twenty-eight days from October 20, 1911, when the pole questers left their winter quarters at "Framheim," they marched over the sea-level ice barrier. Land was reached November 17. The barrier travel was comparatively easy, and this stage of the journey was made slowly, that men and dogs might have reserve strength for the final dash. The photograph shows the camp at rest

The Barrier's End and the Great Glacier



The Juncture of the Barrier and King Edward VII Land

The ice barrier ended at 85 degrees south. Before this point was reached, November 17, the land had been visible to the marchers for several days. The barrier itself rose in undulations to 300 feet and the summits of the land mountains were from 2,000 to 10,000 feet high. One of the explorers is visible at the top of this ice peak; beneath him the frozen sea, and—beyond the mountains—the pole



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The Road up the Great Glacier

The climb from the ice barrier up the mountain glacier was the first of the great difficulties, but the plateau was reached in four days. The tremendously crevassed mountain in the distance at the left resembles the Cloudmaker, named by Sir Ernest Shackleton, and may be it, though the places of observation are 150 miles apart. Both this and the other mountain were skirted by the explorers

Camps on the Way to the Pole



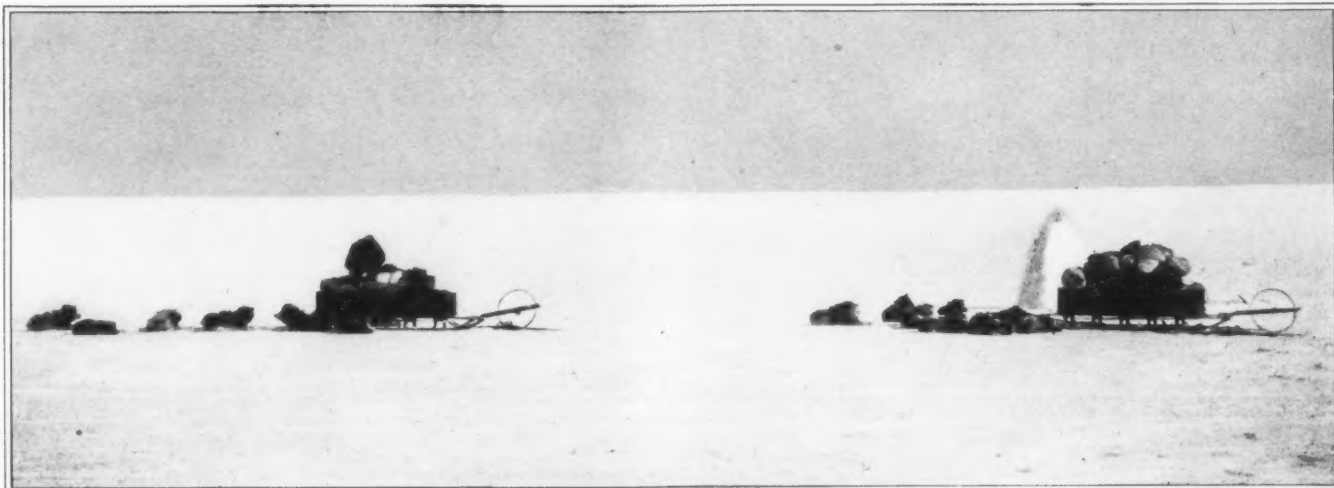
Depot number 5 in latitude 84 degrees south, while the party still was on the ice barrier. A bamboo with a black flag indicates the cache of provisions. As the pole was neared, dogs were killed and left as food for the return march. Pemmican was placed in the earlier caches



A camp at the winter base near "Framheim." A cinematograph on its tripod shows in the foreground. The dogs are tethered on long lines



"Framheim," the headquarters of the expedition at the Bay of Whales



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A Plateau Halt on "The Devil's Dancing Room"

On December 1, 1911, Amundsen and his men at a height of 9,100 feet looked out upon a plain, and as they walked upon the surface the sound was as if they were treading on the bottoms of empty barrels. To this plateau they gave the name "The Devil's Dancing Room." A few days later, December 6, at 87 degrees 40 minutes south, the greatest height of the journey, 10,750 feet, was recorded

The South Pole—The Norwegian Flag



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Amundsen Taking Observations of the Sun's Meridian Altitude

Many astronomical observations were taken in order to place with as small an amount of error as possible the exact position of the pole. The silken banner of Norway had been raised on the spot indicated by earlier observations as the polar point. When the horizon, where the image of the sun is brought down to the observer with the sextant, who is looking at the sun, as he rounds it, each with a hand on the staff, and into this simple ceremonial went the deepest of human emotions. After the return march was begun December 17 and March 9 from Hobart, Tasmania, where he arrived March 7. A few days later the negatives of these photographs

gian Flag at the Bottom of the World



the Sun's Meridian Altitude at the Pole, December 14, 1911

as possible the exact position of the geographical South Pole. The photograph shows an observation in process after as the polar point. While one observer is using the sextant his assistant is looking to the levels of the artificial looking at the sun, as his shadow indicates. When the flag was raised the five conquerors of the Antarctic gathered human emotions. Afterward for three days the region round about was traversed, and on December 16 four men began December 17 and "Framheim" was reached on January 25. Captain Amundsen's story of discovery was told es of these photographs began their journey to Collier's, which now gives them their first publication to the world



Madam—Are You Serving Your Family Steamed Beans or Baked Beans?

BEANS that are merely steamed and boiled *cannot* possess the enticing flavor that *baking* gives.

It is real *oven-baking* that develops the rich, appetizing aroma which greets you the moment a tin of Heinz Baked Beans is opened.

—And *good!* There never were beans more delicious since New England's famous bean-pot first gave up its savory contents. They conform to the standard set for all the

57 Varieties

Every Heinz Baked Bean is baked through and through—every particle made tender—mouth-melting.

Topped with tender strips of choicest pork and permeated with Heinz pure Tomato Sauce—all the zest and flavor of real tomatoes—*caught* the instant the luscious, red-ripe fruit is picked from the vines.

Heinz Baked Beans

(Oven-Baked)

And Heinz Baked beans contain far *less* water than boiled and steamed beans—far more of strength-building elements.

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.

Heinz Plain Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce).

Heinz Vegetarian Baked Beans (without Pork).

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

All good grocers sell Heinz Baked Beans under our guarantee to refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied. Try also our India Relish, Peanut Butter, Olives, Olive Oil, Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Preserves, etc.



H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

The Vanisher

(Concluded from page 15)

vivacity of the moment— The fact is, he says, with humor in his eye—for he was a pleasant-spirited man, barring his side whiskers—the fact is, he says, 'I was thinking, if there was a physical contest, Father Farrell would probably be successful, on account of his weight and prestige,' he says.

"Whereby I see he'd have been a good betting man himself, barring absent-mindedness, if his occupation had been that kind.

"**T**HEN he went on looking at the sky and he says: 'Sometimes when one worries too much, and feels like a little knot of worries,' he says, 'do you know, it does seem as if vanishing would be rather a pleasant thing, like loosening the knot? You go off like a cloud in the sky. Sometimes it seems if we're all a kind of mist, and if we vanished it would leave the blue. The sins of one's fellow man,' he says with a sigh, 'they make such a fuss.'

"Well, I do know exactly about William H.'s vanishing, but Fishy Farrand said he went off by freight in an apple barrel, having climbed into one from under the station platform. He said William H. come to him plumb scared about being pulled out of the box by Father Farrell and exposed to the populace, because he was a shy sort of man, and didn't like the idea, and got Fishy Farrand to lay him a new trail, and fix it with the freight man. But I do know exactly because I never had much trust in Fishy Farrand's countenance, and William Henry never came back to White Corners to say what he'd been up to, and Mrs. Harris left too. They vanished for good. Whenever I see a card sharp, or a sleight of hand man now, I put on my spectacles to see if it ain't William Henry, and it ain't. But then it always might be. Because he was a mighty soft glider.

"Father Farrell made Hogan take

folks around by parties and explain how William Henry did the vanishings. In the Harris's back yard you could creep from the well curb into the grapevines in one direction, so as to be seen from only one window, and when Hogan and Mrs. Harris had that window to themselves, they had some kind of a signal. By crawling along under the grapevines you could get to a house window. Hogan had to show the hole in his cellar where William Henry hid too, and the loose board under the pew seat where he slid through under Mrs. Harris's skirts in the long prayer and got from under the floor into the church woodshed and from there up into the belfry. Same way with the other vanishings. Mighty clever they were, and they had a lot of details. Hogan said William H. planned 'em, and had natural gifts such as you'd never suppose, from his looks and having begun vanishing to discipline Mrs. Harris. It started that way. Hogan see a shining light in it. He see good bets in it, and he did like a good bet. Then they got to taking other parties in, such as Wiley and Farrand and some others, as they needed them in the business, and White Corners got demoralized, and it never was real innocent again. But Hogan claimed he never knew about the apple-barrel trail. He claimed when he lit out of the station, he was plain flustered. I do know. I asked Father Farrell, but he wouldn't do nothing but chuckle and call Hogan an 'old rogue,' but I guess likely there was one time that Hogan was flustered.

"**M**YSTERY," said Uncle Biddle at length. "Ho! Well, if you come to that, James Gilleray never told me how Mrs. Harris did him out of \$8.60 on pigs, and any sensible man would know that it was a mystery if he knew James Gilleray."



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Serve This Dish At Our Cost, Madam Serve It Tonight

We Pay the Grocer

We propose this to you, Mrs. Housewife.

Go buy at your grocer's—for 15 cents—a package of Puffed Rice. Take with you the coupon printed on this page.

Then the grocer will give you—at our expense—a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

These curious foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—were invented by Prof. Anderson.

Millions of dishes every month are served on morning tables.

And never was a breakfast so enticing.

But summer is coming, and a summer delight is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk.

Serve the Puffed Rice for breakfast—in cream, or mixed with fruit.

But serve the Puffed Wheat—like bread or crackers—in cold, rich milk.

Serve it for luncheon or supper, between meals or at bedtime.

Learn how the crisp, porous, nut-like grains taste in a bowl of milk.

The grains are as crisp as crackers—four times as porous as bread.

They melt in the mouth like snowflakes. They are whole-grain foods.

A hundred times in the coming hot weather you'll want this delightful dish.

So we gladly buy one package for you—to let you find it out.

Foods Shot from Guns

Each grain is puffed by an internal steam explosion.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in the grain is turned to steam by this terrific heat. When the guns are unsealed that steam explodes.

All the granules of grain are literally blasted to pieces, so diges-

tion can instantly act. That was the main object of the inventor.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size, but the coats of the grain are not broken.

In every kernel a myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls.

The result is delicious, digestible grain—the most enticing cereals that you ever knew.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Extreme
West
Puffed Rice, 15c

Like Toasted Nuts

These foods are served with sugar and cream—they are mixed with fruit—they are served in milk.

They taste like toasted nuts.

So girls use them in candy

making. Boys eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Chefs use them in frosting cake, or to garnish a dish of ice cream. All because of their nut-like taste.

Good for Ten Cents

Our offer is this:

Buy from your grocer one package of Puffed Rice, price 15 cents.

Take this coupon with you, and the grocer will give you one package of Puffed Wheat.

We will pay the grocer ten cents for your package of Puffed Wheat.

Thus you get both these foods, and pay for only one.

This offer is made so you may try both of them—so you may mix them—and to induce you to try them in milk.

It means ten cents to you if you act now.

Cut out this coupon, lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

Sign and Present to Your Grocer

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

To the Grocer

We will remit you ten cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago

Address _____

Dated _____, 1912.

***This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1912.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.***

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

Ten-Cent Coupon Good Only When
Puffed Rice is Purchased

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago

(253)



Model 27—Five-Passenger, Light Torpedo, \$1250; with Top and Windshield, \$1350

The Advantages of Owning an Elmore

EVERY one is interested in the silent valveless Elmore. It is a topic of conversation wherever motorists congregate. But in this advertisement we want to show you definitely how it is to *your advantage* to own one. Here are the three points to consider:

First—What the Elmore valveless motor does for you by way of reducing running expense and up-keep cost. **Second**—How its simplicity and freedom from continual overhauling and attention makes it a source of constant pleasure to the owner. **Third**—What it means to have perfect running qualities, backed by simple, even driving power.

The best way to illustrate these points is to take you with us in an Elmore and explain, as we go along, the features that have developed in Elmore owners during a dozen years, a pride of ownership based on the utmost in comfort, convenience, ease and economy.

So let us assume that you are taking your first ride in an Elmore. Start the engine and throw in the clutch. Starting on low gear, you experience an exhilarating feeling which finds expression in an approving grin when you shift from first to second speed for you are now learning for the first time what even running really means.

And Here's Why

In the ordinary poppet-valve motor, either four or six cylinder, only every fourth impulse of the piston is a power impulse. With the valveless Elmore motor, every other motor impulse is a power impulse. One power impulse follows the other so closely as to overlap and renew the energy transmitted to the rear wheels before the previous impulse is exhausted. When the power impulses do not overlap, the operation of the motor is naturally "jumpy." But the continuous power impulses of the Elmore motor insure even revolutions of the shaft that result in a smoothness of operation obtainable in no other way. Think it over.

The hill just ahead of us is long and steep. Don't shift gears or race at it for it is not necessary. Even if you are running on third speed forward, even though the

road be cut up, sandy, muddy or covered with snow, you take it smoothly and without strain.

The Reason For It

The ordinary poppet-valve motor should do the same if properly tuned to its maximum efficiency, and if the 80 to 160 parts connected with its valves and their actuating mechanism are working properly. But these delicate parts, constantly subjected to the jar and strain attendant upon the operation of the motor, are seldom in perfect coordination. And a variation of one two-hundredth of a second in their work means trouble. 90% of repair bills are for "grinding and adjusting" valves. 90% of car trouble is due to defective or worn valve parts. In the Elmore valveless motor fuel distribution is accomplished by a rotary gas distributor which is bound to coordinate perfectly with the cylinders. Nothing to get out of order, hence no loss of power.

We are getting back into town and there seems to be a lot of traffic on the streets. Right here is where another Elmore characteristic is apparent. Just see how slowly you can crawl along on "high." Delightful feeling when you are not compelled to shift gears constantly.

"All the Pleasure Without the Annoyances"

That covers every phase of Elmore ownership. By actual test, you will find that for fuel Elmore mileage costs about what the ordinary automobile mile costs. For repairs, truthfully—next to nothing. For lost time—one Elmore owner drove his car over a year without knowing where the spark plugs were. Not much wrong with his motor. Didn't know much about a motor either, but like everybody else, he got a car to ride in—not to tinker with.

Constantly improving a successful motor costs less than exploiting a new motor each year. The Elmore Manufacturing Co. has used the valveless type motors for twelve consecutive years. Elmore prices range from \$1050 to \$1650—there is a model to suit every motoring need.

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
FACTORY, CLYDE, OHIO

Dealers in all large cities. Catalog upon request. Correspondence invited.
Address all communications to General Sales Offices, 81 Congress St. E., Detroit, Mich.

Southern Delegates

(Continued from page 12)

activity. The First Assistant Postmaster General sent a perfunctory reply. Senator Bradley gave out an interview scoffing at the charge. In this way notice was served out to the Federal officials that their activity for the Administration carried immunity with it.

The county chairmen, instructed by the State Central Committee that "voting for delegates shall be *viva voce*," instructed not to grant a count of those present on each side, then proceeded in person and through their tools to override the county conventions through the State.

THE THEFT OF THE CONVENTIONS

IN five Congressional districts—the First, Second, Fourth, Seventh, and Eighth—enough of the county conventions to give the balance of power in each Congressional district were pro-Roosevelt conventions, and with an easy majority of Roosevelt supporters present.

These conventions were stolen in the following ways:

1. By appointing a Taft teller who claimed to be a Roosevelt man, though the Taft chairmen knew him to be a Taft man.
2. By reversal of the vote by the chairman, after he had received it from the tellers, from a Roosevelt majority to a Taft majority.
3. By holding a snap convention ahead of the lawful hour, so that three postmasters selected their delegations instead of the Roosevelt majority ruling.
4. By making Democratic negroes vote for the Taft delegates.
5. By refusing to recognize proxies held by Roosevelt men.
6. By the chairman, a clerk of the Federal Court and secretary of the County Committee, violating the agreement made in some counties to hold conventions out of doors, where all could be present, and by running the convention inside a Taft packed hall.

These concerted schemes were conducted simultaneously all across the State of Kentucky at the hour of 1 P. M. on April 6.

There are seven thousand Federal officials in Kentucky. The Federal machine moved boldly and universally, knowing it had immunity for its unlawful and pernicious political activity, aware it would reap reward for its efforts and punishment for failure to operate. Unhindered, its postmasters, assistant postmasters, revenue collectors, and clerks of the Federal Court exercised their pressure on April 6.

THE METHOD IN CALLOWAY COUNTY

IN the First Congressional District the Calloway County Convention was called by A. Downs, chairman of the County Committee and postmaster at Murray, for 1 P. M. of April 6. Knowing that the Roosevelt men would be in a majority, he ran through his convention ahead of the legal and advertised time. He elected J. D. McLeod, the postmaster at Hazel, the chairman of the snap convention, and Clyde L. Collie, assistant postmaster at Murray, secretary of the County Committee, presided as secretary. Two rural delivery mail carriers were present. When the Roosevelt majority arrived, the three postmasters, the two rural delivery carriers, and their unlawful convention were preparing to adjourn.

In Carlisle County, in the First Congressional District, three persons, and three only, held the snap Taft convention ahead of the proper hour. These three "elected" Taft delegates—C. H. McDaniel, Roscoe Bodkin, and Clifton Horrell—went through the form of holding a convention. McDaniel is chairman of the County Committee and Bodkin is secretary.

In the First Congressional District, at Paducah, Kentucky, in McCracken County, the County Convention was attended by 1,006 Roosevelt men and 517 Taft men. It was called by County Chairman Bell, son of the deputy postmaster. When the Roosevelt vote outnumbered the Taft vote two to one, another postmaster, Fisher, acting with Bell, then carried over to another hall the Taft minority and elected "regular instructed" delegates. These delegates were accepted by the Committee on Credentials in the district convention.

In the Union County Convention of the Second District, held at Morganfield, T. B. Young, Jr. (applicant for the Morganfield Post Office), C. H. Wilson (postmaster at Sturgis), John W. Watters

(postmaster at Caseyville), a Postmaster Thomason of Uniontown jammed through a Taft delegation in the face of a Roosevelt majority. Postmaster Wilson brought 140 voters from Sturgis at his own expense.

In Scott County, in the Seventh Congressional District, J. H. C. Sinclair, assistant postmaster at Georgetown, was chairman of the County Committee. Because an assistant postmaster is under civil service rules, and because Judge O'Rear had forced Mr. Taft by wire to act, Sinclair resigned when the County Committee met, but he asserted his right to preside for the purpose of electing his successor. By refusing to recognize the proxies held by the Roosevelt men present, he elected by a majority of one his brother, Llewellyn Sinclair, as chairman. Llewellyn Sinclair is a full-fledged postmaster, and hence is a Federal appointee, under Mr. Taft's protective wing, so political activity is not only unrebuked but expected. When a vote was called for, he appointed for teller on the Roosevelt side a Taft man, Hamilton by name, a brother of Dora Hamilton, civil service clerk in his own office. This Taft man was wearing a Roosevelt badge for the purpose of carrying out the thievery of votes. The Roosevelt men thereupon bolted the convention. They were in a majority. Democratic negroes voted with the Taft Republicans. As reward for this piece of trickery, Mr. Taft reappointed Mr. Sinclair as postmaster immediately after the convention.

THE TRICK IN FRANKLIN COUNTY

IN the same Seventh District, in Franklin County, George L. Barnes is chairman of the County Committee, and, of course, is a postmaster, the postmaster of Frankfort. Because the convention hall was too small for the delegates there was an agreement between the factions, Mr. Barnes making the agreement for the Taft side, that the convention should adjourn to the out-of-doors and perfect the temporary organization. This agreement had been adopted and carried through during the gubernatorial fight of a year ago. Mr. Barnes again gave his promise. Fifteen minutes before the convention he announced he had resigned as chairman, and that Charles Wiard, clerk of the Federal Court, secretary of the County Committee, was chairman. Wiard refused to recognize the agreement and held the convention in the hall, where the Taft delegates had been tipped off to enter and take their places. This hall they filled, so that Roosevelt men could not enter. Roosevelt men were in a two to one majority.

Here follows the affidavit of the Democratic Mayor of Frankfort:

The affiant, James H. Polsgrove, Mayor of the city of Frankfort, Kentucky, states that he is a Democrat and was a disinterested onlooker at the Republican County Mass Convention, which was held on April 6, 1912, at the old State House in the city of Frankfort, Franklin County, Kentucky, and that he makes this statement as to his opinion as to the relative size of the Taft and Roosevelt crowd: That in his opinion the Republicans wearing the Roosevelt badges and participating in the convention outnumbered those wearing the Taft badges by a safe majority.

Wiard, who disregarded the agreement and conducted a fraudulent convention, is a protégé of Mr. Taft, who sent a personal wire urging the appointment of Wiard as clerk of the Federal Court.

In Fayette County the situation is revealed in this extract from an affidavit made by Thomas L. Walker, a citizen of excellent repute:

That he carefully observed the voters as they entered the Auditorium and took places on the respective sides which, by mutual agreement before the doors were opened, had been assigned to the Roosevelt and Taft followers; that much to his surprise he observed Ernest Ellis, a well-known Democrat, reputed to be the Democratic boss of Lexington, in the crowd before the Auditorium directing divers persons, known Democrats, to the Taft side of the building; that he saw a negro organization, known as the Yel-mantown Negro Democratic Club, marshaled by their leader, John Brown, a notorious ex-convict, march up the street, forty or fifty in number, with badges on their coats bearing the word Taft in bold red letters; affiant

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(Continued from page 26)

states that these men entered the Auditorium in a body and took places on the Taft side of the hall; affiant states that not one of these Democratic negroes had a right to participate in a Republican convention; affiant states that a band of twelve or fifteen pieces, engaged by the Taft leaders to play while rallying their forces, was given a position on the Taft side of the hall, thus helping to swell the numbers and fill space on that side; affiant states that he observed ten or more wagons of the Cary-Reed Company, a firm of Democratic contractors engaged in street construction, drive up near to the Auditorium, discharge their loads of nondescript employees, all wearing Taft badges; affiant states that these men—Democrats—went into the convention hall and took seats on the Taft side; affiant states that he observed a wagon loaded with about twelve members of Company C, Kentucky State Guards, all Democrats save one, in charge of M. C. Combs, drive up to the Auditorium; affiant states that these men went into the convention hall and took positions on the Taft side; affiant further states that he observed at least ten wagons loaded with Democrats from that part of the city known as Irish-town, notorious for its overwhelming Democratic vote and rough elections, drive up to the Auditorium; affiant states that these men were ushered to the Taft side; affiant states that he observed a number of boys, some in knee pants, all under age, occupying seats on the Taft side and helping to fill up space and provide numbers on that side of the hall; affiant states that in his judgment there were present on the Taft side of the convention hall at least 300 people, composed of Democrats and boys, who were not entitled to vote in the convention. Affiant says that it is his honest judgment that, including in the count even the boys and Democrats who occupied places on the Taft side, the followers of Colonel Roosevelt in the building outnumbered the Taft followers at least 200. Affiant further states that he stood in front of the stage in the hall, from which position he commanded a full view of the Taft side of the house, when the chairman, C. H. Berryman of the Fayette County Republican Committee, took the vote on temporary chairmanship of the convention; affiant states that when the ayes were called for Mr. W. G. Dunlap, the candidate of the Taft followers for temporary chairman, there was a chorus of ayes from that side; affiant says that when the ayes were called for in favor of Thomas C. McDowell, the candidate of the Roosevelt followers for temporary chairman, there was a hearty chorus of ayes from the Roosevelt side, overwhelmingly swelled by the voices of numbers seated on the Taft side of the hall, who were friends of Mr. McDowell and voted for him for temporary chairman regardless of the fact that he represented the Roosevelt side; affiant states that he observed many on the Taft side rise to their feet when they shouted aye for Mr. McDowell, and that there could be no mistaking whom they wanted for temporary chairman of the convention. Affiant further states that Chairman Charles H. Berryman of the Fayette County Committee was entirely correct and just in declaring Thomas C. McDowell elected temporary chairman of the convention, for the vote in favor of Mr. McDowell was much greater in volume, and when Mr. McDowell came forward on the stage he was cheered by the entire Roosevelt side and also by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred on the Taft side, who stood in their seats and waved their hats at him. Affiant states that a large majority of the followers of Mr. Taft, together with the brass band, the boys, white Democrats, and negro Democrats, left the hall, but that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred of those who sat on the Taft side remained in the hall during the proceedings of the convention and took part therein; affiant further states that the Fayette County Republican Convention selected a list of delegates to the Seventh District Republican Convention at La Grange, Kentucky.

The Taft men, in this case outnumbered in spite of their illegal Democrats, bolted and elected their own delegates. And these delegates were declared "regular" and received their credentials.

In Anderson County, in the Eighth

"More!—More!!"

There has never been a season when the demand for Goodrich Tires did not exceed by *thousands* the utmost capacity of our factories . . . Every year the demand has outstripped even the *increases* which we anticipated and tried to provide for. This year we have met the issue by a

TREMENDOUSLY INCREASED CAPACITY
which will enable us to care for dealers and users to the fullest extent.

GOODRICH TIRES

MADE OF REAL RUBBER

have always supplied a natural, unforced, intelligent demand—caused solely by the service which these tires give to users.

Increasing every year on account of the cheerful testimony of satisfaction which Goodrich Tire users give to other users.

Such a demand concerns itself very little with technical talking points—but it is mightily interest-

ed in the answers to straightforward questions like:—"did your tires wear well?" and:—"how did the Goodrich Company treat you?"

To have the confidence and support of a vast body of intelligent, experienced consumers is our best asset. And it's *your* most positive assurance of real tire value.

Goodrich Tires are the original American Clincher,—the tire with the White Tough Tread. All styles to fit all rims, to suit all purposes.



Supplied by one hundred branches and service stations; the most complete system ever established to care for tire dealers and tire users after sale.

The
B.F. Goodrich Company
Largest in the World

**Akron,
Ohio**
U.S.A.



The Jack-of-all-Trades Car VS. THE SEMI-ASSEMBLED Grant Six

COMPARE these two methods of building cars. The first is the Old Way—the traditional way—the out-of-date way. The second is the New Way—the logical way—the Grant-Six Way.

The Old Way

A single plant to make the thousand and more parts necessary to each car.

5 or 10 engineers to take care of the design and construction of the whole car and try to watch all the infinite details.

A car composed of parts built by so-called "all-around" men—men who are neither experts nor specialists.

Send for our folder—it will open your eyes to some interesting facts about the old and new ways of building cars that motor-car builders have never told the buying public before—good hard facts that you ought to know before you purchase. Write to-day.

DEALERS—This folder and our special territorial proposition will interest you. Grant-Six territory is going fast. Act quickly. To make sure take the train to Cleveland.

The Grant Way

100 specialized plants, each making one product—the best in its line.

PLUS

1 plant to assemble the finished car from these first quality parts.

As many hundred expert engineers, each specializing on the design and construction of one particular part.

PLUS

12 expert engineers, whose sole duty it is to superintend the assembling of the finished car.

A car composed of parts that are each the acknowledged leaders in their line.

THE GRANT MOTOR CAR CO.
2356 East 69th Street

Cleveland
Sixth City



TEXACO MOTOR OIL

The Road to Motor Pleasure

WITH a good car under you, good fellows beside you, and a hard, clean stretch ahead, you're on the road to motor pleasure if your engine is fed with Texaco.

There is no real pleasure unless your motor drives, and drives with only a sweet, soft purr. There must be no misses, no hitches, no stops.

So use Texaco Motor Oil. It gives life and strength to your motor. It is free from carbon impurities. Will not carbonize. Yet has the body to give perfect lubrication. Shows a zero cold test.

Sold in one and five gallon cans at garages and supply shops. Look for the can with the inner-seal—your protection and ours.

A book "About Motor Lubrication" sent free to owners of motor cars, motor boats and aeroplanes. Write Dept. C., 2 Washington St., N. Y. City.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
HOUSTON NEW YORK

Branch Offices:

Boston	St. Louis	New Orleans	Pueblo
Philadelphia	Norfolk	Dallas	Tulsa
Chicago	Atlanta	El Paso	

Southern Delegates

(Continued from page 27)

Congressional District, the chairman of the County Committee is Lloyd Simpson. He is well disguised as one of those rare county chairmen who isn't a postmaster too. But his wife is postmistress. Simpson elected himself as convention chairman without the useless time-wasting procedure of counting the vote. When a vote was insisted on, the editor of the Anderson "News," a Democratic newspaper of Lawrenceburg, made a count of the Republicans. He saw 134 Roosevelt men and 111 Taft men. The tellers reported a majority for the Roosevelt chairman. The temporary chairman, a "special" official in the revenue service, reversed the figures, disregarding the tellers, and announced 133 for Simpson and 124 for the Roosevelt chairman. The Taft minority then steam-rolled the meeting and "elected" Taft delegates.

In Boyd County, in the Ninth Congressional District, Mr. Fields, Collector of Internal Revenue, and Mr. Russell, candidate for district delegate, bought and brought over 200 men from Carter County and Lawrence County and from West Virginia and Ohio by special train.

Adair County, in the Eleventh Congressional District, cast nineteen fraudulent votes at the State Convention, according to the affidavit of the Hon. H. C. Baker, ex-Circuit Judge of the Twentieth Judicial District, a Taft supporter, who attended the Adair County Convention as a Taft delegate. He says of Dr. Lawrence Nell, the chairman of the convention, the representative of Mr. Taft:

I did not hear him address a word to the convention or put a motion or question from beginning to end. Mr. Coffey, chairman of the County Committee, an applicant for the Columbia Post Office, announced that resolutions had been adopted, delegates appointed, and the convention adjourned, and that if anybody had a right to call a convention he could do it. It is possible that Mr. Nell and the three or four men around him went through some form, but it was not heard or participated in by over four or five of the several hundred Republican voters in the house, and they, like myself, left the house without knowing what had been done by the four or five men.

POSTMASTER CIRCULATES BRADLEY POSTER

WHAT had been done was to disfranchise 350 qualified Republican voters, of whom the Roosevelt men were to Taft men as three is to two. John W. Flowers, a Democrat, cashier of the Bank of Columbia, states in an affidavit:

In my judgment about three-fifths of the Republican voters present were for Colonel Roosevelt and only about two-fifths of them for President Taft. Previous to and at the time of the convention the sentiment of the Republicans of Adair County was understood to be overwhelmingly in favor of Colonel Roosevelt.

The affidavit of five other Democrats reads:

It was plain to be seen that the Roosevelt supporters had a safe majority of the Republican voters present. The Roosevelt supporters were clearly in the majority.

The Columbia postmaster had been circulating this poster through Adair County:

BRADLEY FOR TAFT

Senator Bradley is for Taft for President, and is a candidate for delegate to the Chicago Convention on that ticket, and his friends are anxious for Adair County to instruct for Taft for President and Bradley for delegate from the State at large. **Bradley-Taft Organization.**

BALLOT BOX STUFFING IN LOUISVILLE

IN the afternoon of April 6, when it became plain that Roosevelt had beaten Taft in Louisville, the ballot boxes in two voting places were stuffed in order to swing the control of Jefferson County in the Fifth Congressional District to Mr. Taft and thus give him two delegates to Chicago. The second voting place of the Louisville Eleventh Ward and the voting place on the Eighteenth Street Road in the county were the scenes of the theft. Incomplete registration lists and a pile of Taft ballots were the methods used. So palpable were the frauds, so complete the affidavit proof, that the Taft men have conceded to Roosevelt one of the two Chicago delegates.

B. Gagel, a resident of the Fourth Magisterial District of Jefferson County,

a Republican, went to the voting place at the Eighteenth Street Road and Hunter's Trace. His affidavit states:

While he was in the voting place for the purpose of voting he saw Harry B. Burnett (chairman of the Republican City and County Executive Committee for Jefferson County) give to Dent Pash (a substitute Taft teller unlawfully installed instead of a Roosevelt teller) a handful of ballots; that the said bunch of ballots were at least an inch thick, and that he saw said Dent Pash stuff them into the ballot box. Affiant further states that both Burnett and Pash are Taft men and their names appear as candidates for delegates on the Taft ticket.

ANOTHER AFFIDAVIT

NICK HERTLE, the regularly appointed Roosevelt election officer, makes affidavit:

He knows that not more than 300 voters voted at said election at said place, from noon until 4 o'clock p. m.; that over 200 of said voters were known to him to be for the Roosevelt delegates; that about 3.30 p. m. Harry Burnett, claiming that he had the right to enter the voting place because he was chairman, entered such voting place, and after conferring with the Taft election officers for a half hour or more, came out of the voting place, and that thereafter, when the count was had, the Taft election officers said that 553 voters had voted at said precinct. The excess vote over 300 was false and fraudulent and were not cast by any voters, and were, in the opinion of this affiant, the result of the stuffing of the ballot box.

Every Taft ballot in the box was opened by this affiant and handed to Dick Burnett (brother of Harry B. Burnett), and that he knows he did not open and hand to said Burnett more than sixty ballots which had been voted for the Taft delegates, but affiant says that when he finished opening and handing the Taft ballots to the said Burnett and looked around at the pile said Burnett had of Taft ballots, he saw that there was an enormous pile of said ballots, and when they were counted, it was found that in some way there had been added to the Taft ballots, which had been taken out of the ballot box, more than 280 ballots; that of the 340 ballots which the Taft election officers and Pash insisted on counting for the Taft delegates not more than 60 were cast or put in or taken out of the ballot box.

Matt J. Holt states that what the election officers at the first voting district of the Eleventh Ward called their registration list contained only about six pages of names, and that not one-fourth of the registered Independent and Republican voters' names were on the said list. At least three-fourths of the voters who came were told that they could not vote, because their names did not appear on their list, even when they produced their registration certificates.

Holt asked John W. Cassaday why the list was not certified, and the said Cassaday said that he knew nothing about it, except that it was one Chilton had given him. John W. Cassaday is secretary of the Old City and County Executive Committee.

In Louisville, Senator Bradley's law partner sent out a letter asking Federal officials to call at his office. There are over 200 storekeepers and gaugers in the Revenue Service in that city. Storekeepers and gaugers were assessed \$25 each.

THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS NEXT

WHEN in forty counties a Roosevelt majority was thus overridden, the next step in the scheme of capturing Kentucky was taken by the Committee on Credentials. To this committee in the State Convention came the contested delegations. The chairman of the committee is Maurice Galvin. Galvin had been Collector of Internal Revenue at Covington. He is completely in control of the Republican situation in the Sixth Congressional District. If Mr. Taft wished delegates from that district he had to have Mr. Galvin. Galvin had resigned in order to force the slow hand of the Administration. Mr. Taft telegraphed him to come to Washington. The Presidential automobile met and carried him to the White House. He and Senator Bradley, already Mr. Taft's campaign manager, were housed with the President. To them was promised the Taft patronage. Mr. Galvin emerged from the visit with a letter from the President, stating:

Coat your tires every week with **TIRENEW** TRADE MARK

A TINY cut that does not appear to be very deep frequently causes the destruction of an automobile tire. It extends to the inner fabric and permits water and oil to do their disastrous work.

You can waterproof the exposed fabric and prevent decomposition by using TIRENEW, the new product of the National Rubber Co.

Tirenew is a scientific preservative of automobile tires—a liquid rubber compound made of pure para gum. It will not wash, flake or rub off—wears like rubber.

Makes tires look new and last longer

Apply Tirenew weekly, it will make tires look new, and protect them from the destructive influences of light, oil and water.

2 shades—white and tire gray.

Send us \$1.00 and your dealer's name, and we will send you a trial can of Tirenew, prepaid or through your dealer—Canadian orders \$1.25.

Accept no substitutes.

Our valuable booklet entitled "Tire Care" sent free upon application.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE
NATIONAL RUBBER CO.
4404 Papin St., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Quickly Applied
Dries in 15 Minutes



Southern Delegates

(Concluded from page 28)

MY DEAR MR. GALVIN—I have received your letter of January 17, tendering your resignation as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Sixth District of Kentucky. I write to beg you to reconsider your action in this regard. It is reported to me that your office is in excellent condition, and that you have been in every way a satisfactory collector. I hope you will give to the Government the benefit of your service for another four years. Let me hear from you at your convenience. Meantime I shall not accept the resignation until I hear from you.

Sincerely yours, WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Galvin swung his anti-Taft district into line. With the Taft backing he became chairman of the Committee on Credentials, where sat eleven Taft men and three Roosevelt men. The work of this committee resulted in seating the 500 unelected delegates and in shutting out the duly elected Roosevelt delegates.

Out of 620 contested delegates the Committee on Credentials decided in favor of 580 Taft delegates.

THE REWARD

THAT Committee on Credentials, operating through its chairman, fresh from his White House visit, turned in a prearranged report to the convention of illegal delegates. The contested delegates voted on their own right to be seated. To reward the perfect manipulation used in the conventions, Mr. Taft sent in a batch of over a dozen Presidential appointments to Federal offices immediately after the conventions. His list included such men as Llewellyn Sinclair of Georgetown, whose activities on April 6 we have detailed in this article.

Mr. Taft has been following without exceptions the suggestion of Senator Bradley as to Federal appointments. When Mr. Taft went into office he went on record that Senator Bradley would be disregarded, but later the President found that he needed the Senator's vote at Washington. The first result was that one year after he had been in office, Kentucky Democrats elected fourteen out of nineteen State Senators, leaving the Republicans with six out of thirty-eight.

Senator Bradley is clearly revealed in this circular, which he has been sending to negroes throughout Kentucky:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1912.

I am a candidate for delegate from the State at large to the National Republican Convention, and am in favor of the nomination of Mr. Taft. Of course, I would be pleased to have your active support, not only for me, but for three other delegates from the State at large, who are for Mr. Taft, as well as Taft delegates from your district.

In my judgment, if the Taft Administration should be repudiated, our defeat will be inevitable.

I do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt can win if nominated. The repudiation by our party of Mr. Taft would itself defeat him. But when we take into consideration the third-term prejudice, his great unpopularity in New York (without which State we cannot win, and without which State we have never won), together with his Socialistic views that the people may override the judiciary, and the fact that he repudiated his declaration that he would not again be a candidate, or accept a nomination, his election will be impossible.

Mr. Roosevelt himself, in a letter written as recent as a few months ago, said that his nomination "would be a calamity," and I agree with him.

The negroes' safety has for years been in the United States Courts, and if these questions should be reopened and the people allowed to vote on judgments hereafter rendered by such courts (as Mr. Roosevelt desires), his rights would be in a precarious condition indeed. Certainly the Brownsville episode does not commend Mr. Roosevelt to your people.

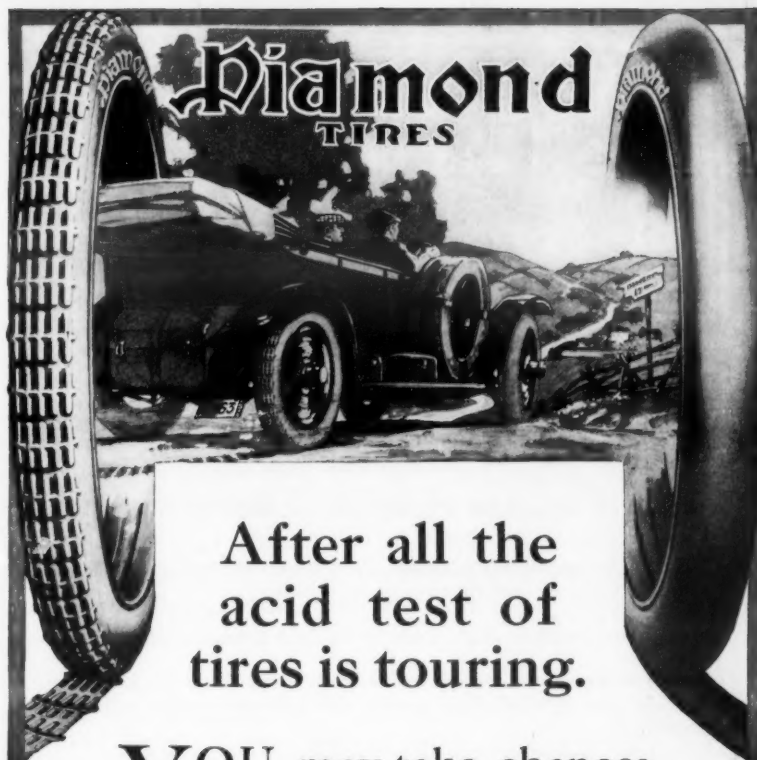
I have always been your friend and hope that you will now be mine and assist in carrying the State for President Taft.

The President had a good place which required a lawyer, and I am satisfied would have appointed Albert White had he lived.

He has appointed twenty-nine negroes to important places, some of which are far more important than they have ever had before.

Yours truly,

W. O. BRADLEY.



After all the
acid test of
tires is touring.

YOU may take chances in the city within a block or two of a tire repair shop, but out in the country, touring, eighty miles from nowhere, you must have a tire that you can depend upon.

The Diamond Safety Tread Tire is the ideal touring tire. It is staunch, rugged, reliable and troubleless. It is safe in ticklish places and under all conditions. It has life insurance built into it—and it won't skid either forward or sideways.

And it gives you mileage—more even than the Diamond Smooth Tread Tire which is greatest in mileage among smooth tires.

The Diamond Safety Tread Tire is an economical all the year round tire. Diamond Safety and Smooth Tread Tires are made to fit every style of rim.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

We Could build them Cheaper, But we Won't.
We Would build them Better, But we Can't.



**Baker
Electrics**
SHAFT & DRIVEN
"The Car That Brought
Them All To Shaft
Drive"

New Features of the 1912 Baker Coupe

- Interior is more roomy, inside body dimensions having been increased without making the car look bulky.
- Wide, comfortable steps, permitting easy entrance and exit.
- Fenders are full skirted; made of patent leather, which is more flexible and elegant than metal and will not rattle under any conditions.
- In the construction of coupe body aluminum panels are used. These are more lasting than wood, lighter than steel; are unaffected by weather.
- Battery capacity is greater, still further increasing the mileage radius for which Baker Electrics have long been pre-eminent.
- Wheels are overtired. Longer tire life and lower cost of maintenance have been secured by a liberal increase in size of tires used, whether Motz Cushion or pneumatic.
- Odometer is mounted on a flexible shaft and so placed that its reading is constantly in view of the driver inside.
- These refinements, enlargements and improvements have added considerably to the factory cost of the Baker. They are in accord with a well established manufacturing policy to keep Baker Electrics, regardless of cost, in the very forefront of electric vehicle construction.

THE BAKER MOTOR-VEHICLE COMPANY

Also Makers of Electric
Commercial Cars

Cleveland
Sixth City

Sixty-Six
West 80th St.

Men who
"do things"
on
Page 32

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From
Fire and Theft

\$9250



Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save \$25 to \$35 monthly garage charge. Save \$50 to \$100 cost of building by ordering Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage. Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of \$92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Fireproof, weatherproof, indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request. The Edwards Mfg. Co., 641-681 Eagleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Women March

(Continued from page 13)



countries—but not here," replied a marshal.

The old gentleman nodded his head understandingly. "Oh, yes," he said, "I understand—those are free women."

Enfranchised citizens from Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California were the first in the line to carry the United States flag.

Delegations came from Kansas, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, District of Columbia, and Virginia. New Jersey women came in squads, under the names of their towns. New York State women were by towns—Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, Yonkers, Rye, and White Plains—and by counties—Dutchess, Erie, Onondaga, Rockland, Steuben, Suffolk, Munroe, Ulster, and Orange.

A sweet little Southern woman, with her golden curls escaping from under her suffrage hat, which she had succeeded in giving a charming air of coquetry, turned to her companion and said with big, serious blue eyes: "You know to me suffrage is almost a religion," and she meant it.

THE city women who had not already passed in their trade groups or their clubs now followed, divided according to their Assembly Districts. A week before the parade a dainty girl in a slimsy glimmering silk dress, a tilted hat, and hair cropped in wavy love locks against soft cheeks, after "signing up," debated aloud—should she walk with the musicians or should she walk with the actresses, or—there were the artists.

The businesslike clerk holding her pen suspended between ink fingers, though impressed by this confusion of talent, was still logical. She inquired with matter-of-fact directness:

"Which are you, actress, musician, or painter?"

"Oh," replied the soft-cheeked one in scarlet distress, "I'm not any of them. I'm just—just— Oh, I'm nothing but a married woman!"

"You are a member of the — Assembly District," replied the businesslike clerk, jabbing pen to list. "You will walk with your district to educate your Senator."

Thousands of "just married women"—women whom the census classes as dependent females because they get no pay envelope of a Saturday night after seven days of broiling steak, nicking dishes, running sewing machines, and nursing mumpy children—thousands of these industrious housekeepers marched in a glory of yellow

low splendor. The sun slanting across high roofs flung a golden light on the Metropolitan Tower, a great, pale reflection of the deep chrome massed in the street below.

On the broad stone balustrade of the Public Library terrace is a suffrage family—father and the children; a "hand-tailored" father with broad eyeglass ribbon, a comfortable-looking father with pleasant eyes and pickaback shoulders. Margie and Jack and the baby are perched on the stone coping in front of him; Jack in an Indian play suit, excitedly kicking his clumsy, puppy-dog feet; Margie with hair freshly pony-cut and ribboned, dangling slim brown legs; between the two, baby, an adored mass of gurgling flesh in white lawn.

MOTHER, we learn from the conversation, is marching with her district. If women get the vote before Margie grows up, can she never march in a parade? Mother's got on her new white serge and looks just grand. If Jack threw stones at the grocer's window would it help women get the vote? Oh, baby mustn't poke his flag in the gentleman's eyes! Here comes our Assembly District, and in a minute everyone within earshot has picked out mother, looking just grand in her new white serge, a little heavy on her feet, a little short of breath, but—mother! Mother, marching for the Cause! "See, baby, there's mother! Look, baby, look! Hooray for mother! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

As the Woman Suffrage Party division passed the home of Mrs. Russell Sage, who has paid the rent of the executive offices of that organization for many months, the banner of each Assembly District was dipped in salutation.

The Socialists were the last group: Socialists scarfed in red—deep, warm red: the red of heart's blood. Men and women marched together as a matter of course. In the Socialist party no one says "man suffrage" and "woman suffrage," but simply "suffrage." This group struck a different note from the earlier ones. For the others votes-for-women was the overwhelming thought; to the Socialist it was but one thought among many. They struck a note of gayety. It was as if they said: "Votes for women is coming fast—why be solemn when it's so near!" When they reached the upper end of the avenue, where large closed mansions with blind eyes are elbowed by upstart apartment houses and stupendous hotels, darkness had fallen suddenly. The women on the ends burned red fire, waving the flaring torches in the measure of the music. The red ranks, lit up by the warm, red glow, marched on buoyantly, joyously, singing the "Marseillaise" in low, familiar voices, as mothers at nightfall sing the well-loved lullabies.

THE impatient automobiles, long penned in the cross streets, came rolling down the avenue, nose to tonneau, wheeling, darting for an opening, heavy, noiseless, swift.

At Altman's corner a suffragist slipped from the curb into the poured-out stream of motion. She was small, alert, light on her feet. Her eyes were fixed on univer-



The photographers darted about



For Motor Cars
and
Motor Boats

**HARRIS
OILS**

Better than any other lubricants for cylinder lubrication. Soot-deposit ingredients eliminated to the greatest possible extent. Saves wear on engine, increases speed and power, makes motor run smoothly. Try HARRIS OILS. Prove our claim that they are America's foremost lubricants.

If your dealer does not sell Harris Oils, send 80 cents (1 gal. can) or \$3.75 (5 gal. can) and we will ship same prepaid.

A. W. HARRIS OIL COMPANY,
326 South Water St., PROVIDENCE, R. I. 143 No. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.





There Is An "EAGLE A" Bond Paper Adaptable To Your Particular Use

It makes no difference where you are, what business you are in, nor how much stationery you use, there is an "EAGLE A" Bond Paper adaptable to your particular use, and it is a paper of Proven Quality and Known Worth.

Look for the
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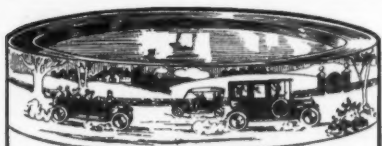
The Thirty-Four Bond Papers bearing the "EAGLE A" Water-Mark, and ranging in price from Eight to Twenty-Four Cents a Pound, are Full Value Papers, because the consolidation of Twenty-Nine Paper Mills makes possible the most Economical Manufacturing and Distributing Methods.

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A Canful of DIXON'S MOTOR GRAPHITE

(Pulverized Flake)

will cure your friction troubles

The most highly polished bearing surface will show irregularities under the microscope. Rub such a surface with Dixon's Motor Graphite and it will quickly acquire a smooth, almost frictionless coating of great durability. That is what happens when you lubricate your car with Dixon's Motor Graphite. The low friction of graphite on graphite is substituted for the power-wasting friction of metal on metal. Your car runs more smoothly and with increased power.

Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.

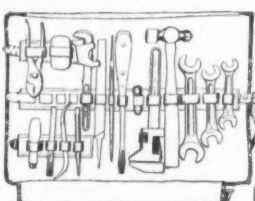
Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. 677—a highest quality mineral grease scientifically combined with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor."

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Established in 1827
Jersey City, New Jersey

Motorists Need this Kit

A tool for every motor need—16 of them—no duplicates or useless tools. Wraps up in compact form—not bulky nor heavy.



BONNER Auto Kits

Are the latest and best word in motoring requisites. Finished in Bonner's Special Auto Finish. Each tool of special steel and guaranteed. This kit is a trouble saver. Insist on Bonner's. If your hardware store cannot supply you, send dealer's name.

C. E. BONNER MFG. CO., Champaign, Ill.
Makers of Bonner "Victor" Chain Wrench, Pry Bar and other special purpose tools.



Women March

(Concluded from page 30)

sal suffrage; she scorned the rushing motors.

The tall, lean policeman, stationed like a semaphore in the center of traffic, signaling with long arms stiffly raised and lowered, caught sight of her as she breasted the main current on the Waldorf side and flung a saving arm about her.

"It's hurry, hurry, hurry, as if you had just five minutes to live," he scolded. "You won't have five minutes yet if you hurry in front of that green bus," he warned her.

The suffragette cocked her head from the hollow of his sheltering arm.

"Why don't you stop the bus? That's hurrying, too," she inquired. Her tone was mildly curious. Her mouth was sweetly sober. In her eyes a flickering daredevil mocked the big man's anger.

The policeman, looking down at the birdlike creature, derisive, unafraid, sighed heavily.

"I ain't worrying about the busses, ma'am," he replied gloomily; "I can stop them by raising my hand—but God Almighty Himself couldn't hold back the women!"

OVER all the city that night the air was tense with suffrage thought. All along Broadway crowds gathered about huge, yellow-trimmed automobiles to hear suffrage sentiments. All up and down Broadway, under the flaring, rippling lights, women hawked their suffrage paper—"The Woman Voter." On one corner stood a tall, young woman dressed in black. A yellow news bag was slung at her side; in her extended hand she offered a yellow-covered magazine to each passer-by. Her voice stamped her a Virginian:

"Buy a 'Vot-ah'? 'Woman Vo-tah'? Five cents."

As her eyes touched each vanishing face, she knew a different public from the genial crowds drawn about the automobiles; a different public from the one that stood for hours patiently waiting the parade. Here on Broadway was the public that blocks the way of suffrage: cold, indifferent, insolent, angry. Elaborately coiffured women, theatre-going with their husbands, looked at her as at a creature of a different breed; others turned aside as from something unpleasant to see; a too-perfectly dressed man slanted at her a sidelong glance that dropped off his eyelids and ran down his nose. Two girls strayed from Sixth Avenue and paused to gape vacantly. They wore tight skirts, coarse ruffles, blatant hats; their hair was too yellow, eyebrows too black, skin too white, cheeks too pink; their hollow faces were modeled tight to the skull by disease's sculpturing thumb; rank, poisonous weeds, deadly to touch, dying of their own poison.

To these as to all the Virginian offered the yellow-covered magazine, calling in her gentle voice:

"Buy a 'Vot-ah'? 'Woman Vo-tah'? Five cents."

Hundreds of passing men ignored her with conscious unconsciousness. A stout, fatherly tyrant burst out:

"No, I won't buy a 'Voter'! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You ought to be at home doing—doing—er—er—"

He couldn't think of a pressing duty at eighty-three in the evening. His scolding died away in a fat sputter.

A street sweeper, stunted, unshaven, dirtily white, wheeled his dust barrow up to the curb for a friendly word:

"Sure, the missis was there!"

An almost terrifyingly severe woman approached. An indefinable something flashed across her furrowed face. Her eyes leaped to the Virginian's. She passed—and on the lips of each woman a smile twitched—the smile of one who has greeted a loved kinswoman.



Stevens-Duryea

You will hear more and more about how the modern car must have the

Six-cylinder motor
Unit power plant
Flexible three-point support
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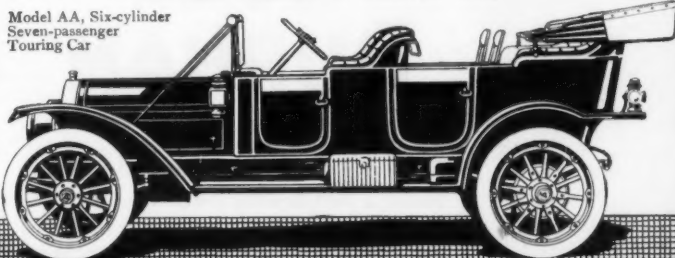
and that is true. They are coming to it gradually.

It is also true that the Stevens-Duryea had all these elements of standard design eight years ago, in 1905—the three-point support 'way back in 1897. Therefore, in the understanding and refinement of these principles, the Stevens-Duryea is still years ahead.

Your Stevens-Duryea stays new and modern for years
Catalogue and Individuality Book sent on request

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass
"Pioneer Builders of American Sizes"

Model AA, Six-cylinder
Seven-passenger
Touring Car



The Indian Motorcycle

—and the pleasure of exploring highways and byways.

"See America First!"—but see it by motorcycle. There's no better, healthier or more satisfactory way of touring. You can laugh at mountainous roads and head winds.

Excellent State highways and comfortable hotels await you everywhere. And at every stopping place there's an Indian agent ready to take care of your wants should you require his service.

GET A FREE DEMONSTRATION

There are 1,200 Indian agents in the United States alone. Any of them will show you the 1912 Indians and how simple they are to ride.

Free Engine Clutch and Magneto, besides 14 important improvements, supplied with all Indians for 1912, without extra charge. All 1912 Indians are magneto equipped. Prices reduced \$50 from 1911.

4 H. P. Single Cylinder Indian . \$200
7 H. P. Twin Cylinder Indian . \$250

Send a postal for free illustrated catalog describing all 1912 models and improvements. Do it TODAY.

THE HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.

841 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the world)

Chicago Denver San Francisco London



"Count
the Indians
on the Road"

Men who plan
and men who
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—they all prefer
"Bull" Durham

"Bull" Durham is the favorite smoke of men who produce—who "do things"—who get down to action and "make good"—the real, live men of red blood!

GENUINE
"BULL"
DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

From the spider-man, dangling from a beam-end hundreds of feet in the air, to the architect and the expert engineer who direct the perilous work, "Bull" Durham—that grand old smoke of three generations—comes first and foremost in tobaccos. More of it is smoked than of all other high-grade tobaccos combined.

Because "Bull" Durham is a practical smoke—as honest as it is sweet and fragrant, as pure as it is mild and mellow and as chock-full of real old-fashioned goodness as tobacco can be.

Practical men—men who strip things to the bone—who get to the heart of things—the men who plan and produce—it's men of this type who choose "Bull" Durham—because it is genuine—because it smokes true and goes straight to the point, as they do.

And that's why you too will like "Bull" Durham. Find that honest muslin sack—at the first dealer's you come to.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.



Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S is injecting some much needed ginger into the Presidential campaign by exploiting the Southern delegates to the Republican National Convention who for thirty years have been a disgrace to republicanism and American institutions.—Jamestown (N. Dak.) *Capital*.

FORSYTH, GA.

EDITOR OF COLLIER'S.

SIR—I have always considered COLLIER'S the most helpful paper published in the Union, and have been a constant, appreciative reader for several years. I am so impressed with the idea that COLLIER'S can clean the Augean Republican Stable after reading the present week's issue, anent Jackson and his gang of negro henchmen who represent the Republican sentiment of this State, that I am unable to refrain from expressing to you my commendation of the spirit with which you have taken up this needful task. The truth needs to be told of the Republican party and its doings in the South, and no better or abler medium for the telling could be secured than COLLIER'S. It is true, and at the same time contradictory, that the South is as much dominated to-day by the Republican party when it is in power, so far as patronage is concerned, as it was during the days of the war's aftermath. And yet despite the fact that there is no respectable Republican party in the South, and especially in this State, the delegates from Georgia, ebony-hued, will attempt to help deliver a nomination with the same temerity as a stanch respectable Republican State. Of course, no one gains but the "pap-suckers," and no one loses but the great body of the people who represent all that is good in the State.

Yours very truly, G. OGDEN PERSONS.

The sensational charges brought by COLLIER'S WEEKLY against Collector of Internal Revenue Henry S. Jackson of Atlanta, to the effect that Mr. Jackson, in his efforts to secure the renomination of President Taft, has rendered himself liable to criminal prosecution by the National Department of Justice, has started a train of investigation in Georgia that may produce results of a most interesting kind.

—Atlanta (Ga.) *Georgian*.

COLLIER'S is one of the most sensational muckraking weekly papers of the North.

—Lumberton (N. C.) *Robesonian*.

Why doesn't COLLIER'S turn Dr. Wiley on Theodore Roosevelt as a brand that is a fake pure and simple? The Colonel is about in line with the patent medicines that they have fought so severely.

—Rocky Mt. (N. C.) *Telegram*.

A neat example of editorial insincerity was revealed in a recent issue of COLLIER'S. This weekly, in its desire to discredit President Taft, has tried to place the blame for Dr. Wiley's troubles in the Department of Agriculture on the President's shoulders. . . . COLLIER'S, for political reasons, distorts Dr. Wiley's resignation into a reflection on the President—does so in spite of the testimony of its own investigator.—Milwaukee (Wis.) *Free Press*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has decided to have a third ticket in the field this fall unless certain conditions it makes are complied with. For instance, it demands that Roosevelt shall lead the Republican ticket and that Wilson shall lead the Democratic cohorts. Of course, there may be a third ticket, but if COLLIER'S has had no more influence with the politicians and with the people than it has had in the past, the extra ticket probably will not be because of their demands.

—Bartlesville (Okla.) *Enterprise*.

The Presidential career of Theodore Roosevelt's seven years was completed on March 4, 1909. And it was in that week's issue of COLLIER'S that there appeared a page article signed by William Howard Taft and presenting his deliberate, well-considered opinion of the Roosevelt Administration.

—Philadelphia (Pa.) *North American*.

It was Roosevelt who persuaded the party that Taft was progressive. The party took Taft upon Roosevelt's indorse-

ment. It was unquestionably Roosevelt's name upon Taft's paper that gave Mr. Taft credit and standing with his party.

If ever an obligation rested upon a man to redeem another man's pledge, that obligation was upon Mr. Taft when he went to the White House.

He seems to have realized that promise, for in a letter to the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, published June 27, after his nomination by the Chicago Convention, we find Mr. Taft saying:

"It is easier since we had Lincoln than it was before to be a good President. He set a standard. It remained for Roosevelt to prove how the people will respond to a strong and true leadership, when the hour has come for great reforms."

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE in the *American Magazine*.

GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is a source of continued strength and delight to the progressive Republicans of Colorado. We glory in it.

KARL A. BICKEL,
Publisher the *Daily News*.

COLLIER'S, the great National Weekly, the publication that carries the strongest editorial pages, the magazine that is most liked and most hated and incidentally one of the most circulated.

—Newark (Ohio) *Advocate*.

The relations of advertisers with newspapers throughout the country were exploited at great length last year in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, so that the public is more or less familiar with them and also with the fact that every paper with a backbone refuses to be dominated or muzzled by the buyers of space.

—Yonkers (N. Y.) *Daily News*.

COLLIER'S insists reciprocity was right. COLLIER'S perhaps isn't afraid of the North Dakota farmers.

—Eau Claire (Wis.) *Leader*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which has an aptitude for saying provoking things—both friendly and otherwise, which is to say that the Weekly is not only interesting but oftentimes aggressively so.

—Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times*.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

Springfield Typographical Union (one hundred and forty members) recently adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, The verdict of \$50,000 awarded the publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY in the libel suit against Post, the "food" faker, in our opinion a verdict in accordance with law, common sense, and the testimony in the case (as presented in extracts from the court records read by the committee), and a very light penalty considering the offense, has been reversed on technical grounds; therefore, be it

Resolved, That COLLIER'S WEEKLY, in its fight against impostors in general, and Post in particular, has the gratitude and unqualified moral support of this organization; be it further

Resolved, That it be the sentiment of this organization that COLLIER'S WEEKLY should demand a retrial of the case against Post and get a second verdict against him; one larger and more in keeping with the nature of the offense shown; be it further

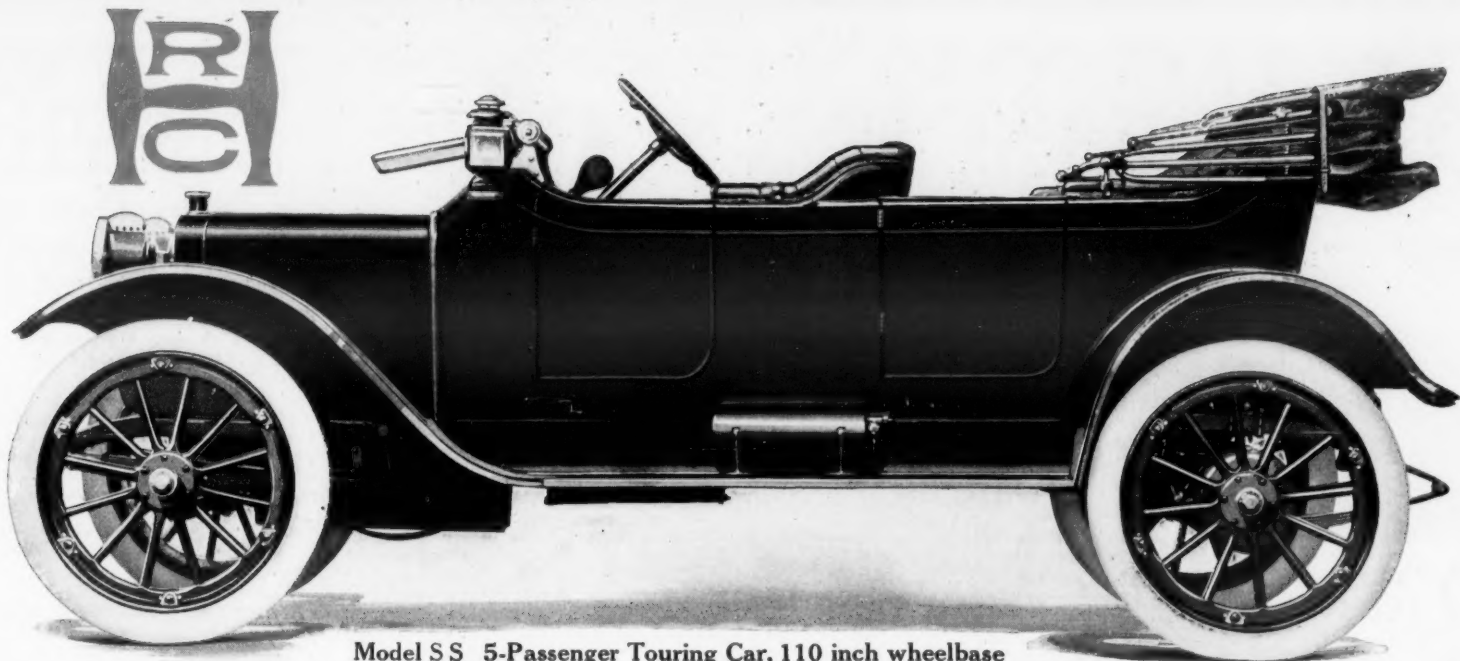
Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions become a part of our records, a copy be sent the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and that as an organization and as individuals we take advantage of every opportunity to aid in the fight against unprincipled impostors which is being carried on by COLLIER'S WEEKLY and too few others, who should be as much interested.

LESLIE KNIGHT,
GEORGE P. LESCHER,
JOHN M. TIFTON,
Committee.

COLLIER'S deprecates the expression "leaps and bounds." Which brings up the other pet aversions such as "by and large," "foregone conclusion," "prominent citizen," "in the last analysis," etc.

—Galveston (Texas) *News*.

Hasn't the editor of COLLIER'S overlooked "in the last analysis," and "by and large"?—Kansas City (Mo.) *Star*.



Model SS 5-Passenger Touring Car, 110 inch wheelbase

R-C-H | Wanted—1000 Dealers

"Twenty-five"

Model SS
Self-Starter

\$950

f. o. b. Detroit

Equipped with 32 x 3½ inch tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit, long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

Standard Model

\$850

f. o. b. Detroit

This is fully equipped, and the specifications are the same as Model SS. It has **not**, however, the self-starter and other special features mentioned above.

General R-C-H-Specifications

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three point suspension. **Drive**—Left side. Inversible worm gear, 16-inch wheel. **Control**—Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide seats. **Wheelbase**—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

Our selling problem this season has been a peculiar one. Naturally, our original aim was to get as wide a distribution as possible. But the demand for the R-C-H so far exceeded all expectations that our entire output for 1912 was speedily oversold. And this left many sections without R-C-H representation, simply because we could not supply the cars.

We shall manufacture this season in round numbers 10,000 cars. For the season of 1913 our output will be increased to 30,000 cars. Our present dealers tell us that they will take care of 15,000. That leaves 15,000 for sections where the R-C-H is not at present represented. And that in turn offers a golden opportunity to the right dealer in much of the best territory in the country.

We are keeping this announcement free from bombast, from "bunk," from "hot air," from all the glittering generalities that are handed you every day. We prefer, even, not to dwell upon the sales record of the car and its popularity with the public. You probably know it; or if you don't, ask your brother dealer in a town where there is an R-C-H dealer.

But ask yourself these questions: What does your public—the people to whom you must sell—demand in a car? And given two cars possessing all these features, would the average man prefer to pay a lower or higher price?

Of course the answer to the second question is self-evident. So let us consider the first. The average man wants in a car five things—sturdiness, comfort, beauty,

power, roadability. We claim that no car at twice its price excels the R-C-H in these essentials. If this claim is true—and we ask only a man's judgment after he has seen the car himself—is not the R-C-H the best car on the market from the dealer's standpoint as well as that of the public?

This advertisement may seem a little premature. But we want ample time to consider carefully every application made to us. We want the *best* dealers—men who will stay with the proposition year in and year out; men who will take the same pride that we do in the R-C-H watchwords of good work, good value and good will; men who will put as much care into selling the R-C-H as we do into making it.

So write us today; tell us about yourself. For if you're the right man in the right place, we think the R-C-H offers you the best opportunity for a big business success that exists in the industry today.

R-C-H Service Stations

R-C-H service and supply stations in all large centers will be a feature of our 1912-13 policy. Many of them are already in operation—a photograph of one is shown below. Others will be established as rapidly as possible; so that no R-C-H owner anywhere will be far from a base as well equipped to attend to his wants as the factory itself. In California or Maine, Minnesota or Texas, the R-C-H owner will be able to obtain repair parts within 24 hours.

R-C-H Corporation, 109 LYCASTE STREET Detroit, Michigan

Branches

ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.
BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.
BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.

CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.
CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.
DENVER, 1520 Broadway
DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.

KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.
LOS ANGELES, 1242 South Flower St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.
NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 330 North Broad St.



R-C-H Service Station

Lycaste St. and Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

SNUGTEX

The Fabric Belt



DOES your belt match your suit? That's the style. The Snugtex Fabric Belt is made in colors to match any suit. White for flannels or ducks; blues for serge; grays, browns and black for mixtures.

Snugtex (worsted) Belts have a short strip of elastic fabric under the flap. Hold firmly without binding.

Snugtex Belts (with the elastic feature), made of worsted fabric, patented tongueless buckles, **Price \$1.00.**

Snugtex Belts (without the elastic feature), made of special fabric, with tongue buckles, 50 cents.

Every Snugtex Belt is guaranteed for a year. **Get one at your Men's Furnishing Store.** If they haven't Snugtex write us.

SMITH WEBBING CO., 350 Broadway, New York

Makers of "Smith-Web" narrow fabrics—elastic and non-elastic.

Manufacture, Pawtucket, R. I.



And this is the stamp of approval of a responsible maker—proud of his good handiwork. The "Winged Pyramid" is backed by the biggest reliability in all automobiledom—something better than a guarantee—a worthy reputation—and a car that will go seventy-five thousand strong this year.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two-passenger runabout costs \$590—the five passenger touring car \$690—the delivery car \$700—the town car \$900—f. o. b. Detroit, completely equipped. Get latest catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of your nearest Ford representative.



Trapping the Bank Looter

Incidents from the Experiences of the Bank Examiners of the Government

By

FRANK J. ARKINS

THE bank looter is a man of system. He always keeps his house in order. In many ways he is the cleverest rogue of all to deal with, for no two of them play the game alike.

An examiner, whose business it is to detect such men, steps into a bank unannounced. His first duty is to count the cash. He must accept conditions as he finds them. He is required to judge men by their methods. Honesty is the rule in banking. It is the exception that the examiner lays in wait for.

The individual who can insidiously steal the money of his depositors is an unknown quantity. He constantly invents new schemes. So, in order to catch him, traps are set, into which a dishonest man walks. The looters of banks are like boys skating around holes in the ice. It is only a question of time before they slip in.

The examiner's effort is to snare the thief, but in doing so he must save as much as possible out of the wreck for the bank's depositors.

TOO MUCH CASH

IN a large bank an examiner dropped in at a most unexpected moment. The first thing he turned his attention to was the cash on hand, to ascertain whether the amount required by law was on hand.

He found more than enough to satisfy him on that important point.

From the moment of his arrival his every wish was anticipated. Here were men who always had a ready answer. They were prepared for every move. They seemed to anticipate his every act. They were excessively polite. But before the day was over he picked up a trail of fraud as unerringly as a bloodhound singles out the unseen footsteps of the unknown person whom it is following. As he passed through the notes, he plunged into a maze of dishonesty so cleverly wrought that many others before him had been deceived. Not by so much as the arching of his eyebrows did he betray to the officers around him the knowledge he had gained.

As he questioned the bankers about the men who had signed the notes, their indorsers and the purpose for which the money was borrowed, he was apparently satisfied. He was spreading a net that extended through every department of the bank, for he believed that more than one man was implicated. Besides, he had the interests of the depositors to protect.

While he was thus engaged he saw what ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have overlooked. There was a large movement of cash out of the bank. The money was going in bags of gold and bundles of notes.

PROTECTING THE DEPOSITORS

HE commenced, diplomatically, to suggest that first this and then that note be straightened by the addition of another indorsement. In this way otherwise worthless paper was guaranteed. Better security was insisted on here and more of it there.

His every request was granted. That these demands were expected, and that the bankers were prepared to procure the indorsements so readily, created in his mind the thought that once he left the bank they could as readily and quickly rip out the supports he was placing for the benefit of the depositors.

When it was no longer possible to get more indorsements, he quietly dropped his investigation in that direction. It was now the time, in all well-regulated inspections, for the examiner to express his satisfaction and go on to the next bank—in some other town. But this examiner was no ordinary man. Leaning back in his chair, with eyes on the ceiling, he remarked, casually:

"Now I believe I will count the cash."

Had he announced that he was about to press a button that would explode a powder magazine, he could not have created greater consternation. The president and cashier were speechless.

"Why," stuttered the president, "you counted the cash when you first came in."

"I know. But I think I will count it again."

"You don't think—"

"I just want to count it again. Any objection?"

CALCULATED DELAY

THE examiner for the first time brought his eyes into line with those of the president, in mild but feigned surprise.

"No, not at all. Not at all. Mr. Blank" [to the cashier] "see that he has access to everything he wishes."

Then, taking another tack, the examiner picked up one of the notes again and commenced to split a straw over an indorsement. In this way he lost nearly ten precious minutes, after which he again announced that he was ready to count the cash.

"And found the vault empty?" interjected the man who listened to the story.

"On the contrary. He found more money on hand than when he first stepped into the bank."

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the president.

"I am. Let me see you put it in the safe."

When that was done the examiner closed the door, shot the bolts into their steel-jawed sockets, and, throwing off the combination, sealed the door with the remark:

"This bank is closed—in my hands as temporary receiver."

In a moment there was consternation.

THE TOO HELPFUL NEIGHBOR

THE next morning there was more of it. The officers of another bank, close by, called to explain that there was some mistake.

They had loaned the institution the examiner had just closed \$350,000 the day before. It was to have been returned in the morning.

"This places us in a very bad light," concluded the officer of the accommodating institution.

"Naturally," coincided the examiner.

The balloon the examiner had punctured began to shrink. In a few days only the empty shell remained. The other bank tried to get its funds back through the medium of the courts.

Here was a shrewd piece of work. A watchful inspector, with eyes and ears wide open, passing through a maze of fabricated finance so wonderfully wrought and so intricately designed that it had deceived everybody, had noticed that an unusual amount of cash was taken away from the bank. His remark, apparently by chance—but designedly—hit the bull's-eye.

The officials wanted time to get the money back in the vaults. The examiner wanted them to get it there. So he gave them all the time required, and the accommodation money was no sooner counted and the amount verified than it was locked up for the benefit of the depositors, whose trust had been betrayed. Here the ability of the detective was displayed. The



The Educator "Double-Header"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe
yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

WHEN you called a shoe "common sense" you used to think of common looks at the same time. But that is all changed now.

The Educator idea of scientific distribution of shoe space gives internal comfort with external handsomeness. Educators are not merely shoes of comfort—they are shoes to look at too.

EDUCATORS: "EASY TO WEAR,
BUT HARD TO WEAR OUT."

Children started in Educators never know foot trouble. Men and women who wear Educators avoid or relieve corns, bunions, flatfoot, ingrowing nails, etc.

The name "Educator" is branded on every Educator sole. Look for it. If your dealer hasn't Educators, write for catalogue. We will see that you are supplied.

EDUCATOR SHOE



We also make All America and Signet shoes for men, and Mayfair for women—make them to wear like old friends.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
16 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

The Spell of the White Mountains of New Hampshire

Nobody ever resisted the fascination of the White Mountains in summer. You feel it from the moment you take your first breath of that glorious air.

It is in every new beauty of woods and mountains, in the

Freshness and restfulness

all about you, in the zest you feel for golf, tennis, tramping and every out-door pastime, in your keen appetite and wonderful nights of sleep, in the interesting people you meet, the new friends you make, the delightful social pleasures.

Summer train schedule is effective June 24

Send for free booklets

about the most wonderful vacation ground in America. They include rates of hotels and charming boarding houses.

THE NEW ENGLAND LINES
Room 815, South Station, Boston

SHIR-GAR

TRADE MARK

Because SHIR-GAR (Shirt-Garter) fills a triple purpose at a single price it has found favor with the better dressed men.

**Holds Sox Up
Holds Shirt Down
Does not Bind the Leg**

Worn with long or short drawers. Prevents shirt from bulging. Only Garter endurable with varicose veins.

Style A shown in illustration. Style B does not go around leg. Style A or B in Silk 75c. Line 50c. Style C (with one clasp for sock) 25c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

SHIR-GARTER CO.
Box 103, Columbia, Tenn.

The Bank Looter

(Continued from page 34)

officers of the bank had overplayed their hand. They were too ready with information. They excited the suspicion of the examiner, with the result that not only were the depositors protected but the officers were caught red-handed.

EXPANSIVE \$5,000 NOTES

IN going over the "paper" the examiner of a well-known bank found that a certain merchant in a Middle West city had given four notes for \$5,000 each, all dated the same day. It struck him as rather strange that he should make notes to run for the same length of time when one note for \$20,000 would have answered as well.

"Why did he do this?" asked the examiner.

"I do not know—he is a good customer, a little peculiar, and I want to humor him."

Further inquiry developed the fact that a short time previous the same merchant had one note for \$20,000, which he took up before maturity and issued the four notes to run for the unexpired time.

This unusual circumstance started a train of thought in the mind of the examiner. It seemed strange.

"Did he give any reason when he asked you to cancel a note for \$20,000 and to issue four of \$5,000 each?"

"No," answered the president.

The examiner thought the banker spoke as though there was a tendency for his tongue to stick to the top of his mouth.

"Did you ask him why he wanted to do it that way?"

"No."

After talking over other things for nearly an hour, the examiner asked in the most apparently careless manner:

"You say Jones said he might want to take up one of the \$5,000 notes and not the others?"

"Yes, that was it."

There was a tone of relief in the banker's voice.

"You said before that he gave no reason—which is it?"

LOST

THE president hesitated an instant.

"I believe that he did say he might want to take up one and not the others, now that you mention it."

The examiner thought he detected a slight huskiness in the banker's voice.

"Then why should he want to make the change in the form of the notes until he was ready to make a payment and before his first note was due?"

"I don't know."

Slowly, steadily, he began to crowd the old man to the wall. By careful, pointed questions he commenced to close every door against those notes. The effect was beginning to tell. The president became nervous. The examiner perceived that from time to time the banker was called upon by men connected with his various enterprises.

The pressure from the outside, the attack from within, was more than the old financier could stand. He was taken down with nervous prostration. The examiner followed him to his sick bed.

"I am sorry, but I shall have to cause your arrest," he said.

The banker dropped back on his pillows with a sigh of relief.

"You have driven me into a trap. There is no escape. I am glad it is all over with. I have been nearly crazy with the anxiety of it all."

Here was a new plan to loot a bank—that a sharp man, a specialist, trained in the business, detected.

THE METHOD

SOME time previous to this, and while another examiner was in the city, this banker had called on the maker of a note for \$20,000 and asked him if he would mind uttering four notes for \$5,000 each, to take up the old one in order to satisfy the examiner and make it easier for him—the banker. The borrower acceded. Then the banker called on men who carried money on certificates of deposit and sold them these notes, which drew seven per cent interest, and because the bank guaranteed the payment they became a better investment than certificates at three per cent. He kept the notes, but gave receipts for them.

"How much money," asked the relator of the case, "do you suppose he obtained on those original four notes by that method?"



Oom Paul Kruger
Famous Boer States-
man and President of
the late Transvaal Re-
public smoked a pipe in
preference to using to-
bacco in any other form.

Some smoke it hot,
Some smoke it cold,
Some smoke it as a "heel"
That's nine days old!

That's the happy days Prince Albert ditty hooked up to the old nursery rhyme. And it tells you the whole wide-open story of this sure enough wonderful tobacco. Because *you can* smoke P. A. any way that hits your fancy. It's made by a patented process! It just can't go wrong! Isn't built that way!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is exactly what you need in your business. Forget that any tobacco ever scorched your tongue or that it was rank and of unpleasant odor. Make a fresh start; get pipe happy!

You simply jam a jimmy pipe brimful of P. A. like it was good for what ails your smoke-grouch. *Because it is!* You'll get a new idea of what's what! Won't bite. Can't!

Don't make any difference how sore you are on *fire-brands* and *dust-brands*. The tip is to beat up a jimmy pipe and P. A. and get away to a good start!

Sure, buy P. A. anywhere;
in the tidy red 10c tins,
5c cloth packages and hand-
some pound and half-pound
humidors. It's your bat!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.





Public Speakers

whose mouth and teeth are the focus for the vision of hundreds, find Pebecco Tooth Paste the dentifrice of sure results. Seldom does speck or cavity mar the whiteness of the teeth of the user of Pebecco, because of its cleansing power as a dentifrice, and its unique ability as a scientific preparation to fight the ravages of "acid mouth." With Pebecco used daily, and a good dentist visited occasionally, you may be sure of sound teeth.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Send for a FREE 10-day Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers

The test papers will show you the real condition of your mouth—if acid, Pebecco will keep it normal. Send and see.

Pebecco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of F. Belserdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Extra large 80c tubes are economical because so little is used at a time.

LEHN & FINK, 104 William Street, New York
Sole licensees in America for Pebecco Tooth Paste.
Producers of Lehn & Fink's River's Talcum.

LEHN & FINK, 104 William St., New York

GENTLEMEN: Please send me trial tube of Pebecco Tooth Paste, also Acid Test Papers. (Write your name and address plainly.)

Name.....
Street.....
City.....



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—You may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.
THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

Before you decide where to go this summer, read "Quaint Cape Cod."

It describes a Summer Land absolutely different from any other place. You'll see phases of life and character far more interesting than anything in a novel. You'll enjoy the Yachting, Bathing, Fishing, golf and automobilizing. The social life will appeal to you. Write today for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's Free.

Address Advertising Bureau, Room 795, South Station, Boston.
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

The Bank Looter

(Continued from page 35)

"Hard to tell, as it was an unusual thing. Possibly \$50,000."

The man who told the story leaned forward and, tapping his finger on the arm of his chair, said impressively:

"Wrong. He obtained \$400,000. In all, he gouged nearly a million dollars out of the people who placed their trust in him."

MEMORANDUM NOTES

AN examiner was completing an inspection of a large bank. He had found everything as required by law.

He was totaling up some notes with the clerks, each of whom, it seemed, signed the little slip when all had finished, in order that they might the better keep track of their work.

The examiner, while reaching over for one of these slips, asked the clerk:

"Did you sign this?"

"No, sir, I signed the others."

The inspector then noticed that he had touched a bundle of notes, not the slip. Without betraying the least sign of surprise, he said quietly:

"Bring me those you did sign."

A moment later he had laid before him notes the aggregate sum of which ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Just how that clerk, who probably received as much as \$18 or \$20 a week for his services, would require that amount of money, or could get it, would be the first thing that would pop into anybody's mind. It was the last to occur to the examiner. He was stalking bigger game.

"Who told you to sign these notes?"

"Mr. —," naming an officer of the bank.

The examiner had picked up a trail of fraud in the reply of the clerk. He followed it carefully. It was a complicated case. It extended all through the bank. Its ramifications covered several States.

SKILLFUL SHUFFLING

FOLLOWING this cue, it was discovered that the extent of the loot was so great that the interests of the depositors would be imperiled if the bank remained open. It was closed. With the books in the possession of experts, it required months of time to untangle a gigantic series of loans, made with intent to defraud. It was followed patiently, step by step, from the moment that clerk by his remark gave the examiner the cue to the arrest of the president of the bank.

That official had made his clerks sign notes for large sums, ostensibly for corporations, while he used the money. The notes made by Harry were not handled by Charles, for the institution was so large that the names of the makers of notes and their amounts were handled A to D, E to L, and so on. So that Charlie's notes were probably handled by a man who worked on those from R to V. In that manner the affair had actually been covered up, even to the men who were employed beside each other in the bank. Each employee was also an important—on paper—officer in a company in the affairs of which he had no voice except to borrow money. No two employees were officers in the same company. It was a complicated case that required the utmost skill, but it was followed patiently for months, when the president of the bank was arrested for taking money from his institution with intent to defraud it.

THE PRIVATE BOX

FIVE men whose names were above suspicion conducted a bank. They were considered model citizens. They were church members. They gave to charity—and refused to talk of their benefactions. Their modesty won the public. The widows and orphans crowded to their windows and, in small sums, left an aggregate that ran into millions. One day into this bank came an examiner who went about his work as though there were lots of things he would rather do than total up long columns of figures.

About this time there was a run on another bank in the city. The people who were withdrawing their funds concluded that the safest place to deposit it was with the institution against which not a breath of suspicion had ever been directed. So they crowded to it in the utmost confidence. Coming in large numbers and standing in a line that extended for a long distance, their presence was interpreted by the widows and orphans as a run on the bank. Within an hour it

Notice how the diagonal stroke idea is creeping into safety razor advertising?



You tilt the blade like this



You shave as you've always shaved, like this

But it isn't creeping into the razors—that's the trouble. No use telling men they can acquire this stroke. It's like asking them to learn the barber's trade.

But the diagonal stroke is the thing; all razor makers admit it. It is not a matter of preference, it is the only way to get a real shave.

And the way to get this stroke is to use the razor that gives it—the Young

Any-Angle Razor

Note the pictures—a touch tilts the blade and there is your slanting stroke! Nothing to learn, nothing to do but shave as you've always shaved!

Try the Any-Angle Razor.

Young Safety Razor Company, 1729 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Your money back without a word if dissatisfied after a thirty day trial.

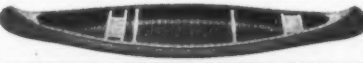
All dealers are authorized to refund your money if you use the Any-Angle Razor 30 days and do not like it. If your dealer cannot supply you, send the price of the razor to us with same return privilege. The price of the Any-Angle Razor and 12 keen blades, in rich, genuine leather case is **\$3.00**

MULLINS CEDAR CANOES CAN'T SINK

Famous Yale and Harvard models—highest grade materials—finest finish—the strongest canoe built. In each end is a Mullins Buoyancy Pad, which has sufficient buoyancy to float a capsized, water-filled canoe and keep two people afloat. No other canoe on the market has this essential feature. We also manufacture steel launches, row boats, etc.

Write for magnificent catalogue, illustrated in colors—free—postpaid

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
353 Franklin Street Salem, Ohio



Portable Fireproof Bungalows

Boat Houses, Stores, Warehouses, Garages, etc., built at low cost by the Pruden System

of interlocking metal units. No framework needed. No wood. You and helper easily erect or take down. Strong, durable and handsome as masonry. Three years of demonstrated success. Immediate shipments from stock. Write for catalog. Tell what building you're interested in.

Metal Shelter Co.
541 W. Water St. St. Paul, Minn.



The Home of Wholesome Food

A Snow-White Solid Porcelain Compartment

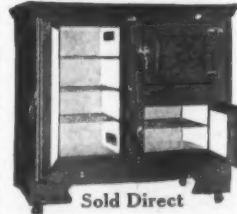
It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any refrigerator.

Every housewife and home owner should have one. It also describes the wonderful advantages of the "MONROE." The one refrigerator with each food compartment made of a solid piece of unbreakable snow-white porcelain ware—every corner rounded like above cut. The one refrigerator accepted in the best homes and leading hospitals because it can be made germlessly clean by simply wiping out with a damp cloth. The one refrigerator that will pay for itself in a saving on ice bills, food waste and repairs. The "MONROE" is sold at factory prices on 30 days' trial. We pay the freight and guarantee "full satisfaction or money back." Liberal Credit Terms if Desired. MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO., Station 33, Lockland, Ohio



The "Monroe" The Lifetime Refrigerator



Sold Direct



The SHIRT That
"Stays With You" is
GOTHAM
"The Shirt of a Gentleman"

THE sportsman—the outdoor man, whether he finds his pleasure afield or afloat—Yachting, Golfing or Motor-ing, will add zest to his enjoyment if he wears a **GOTHAM SHIRT**. His comfort will be assured. **COLOR-FAST** Fabrics and unequalled fit and workmanship.

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 The Arlington Company
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 Established 1883

Collars 25c Cuffs 50c
COLLARS & CUFFS

The Bank Looter

(Continued from page 36)

required a squad of police to handle the crowds that surged about the place.

The directors decided to keep the bank open until nine o'clock that night, in order to accommodate those who were timid. This made a favorable impression on the examiner, who went out to his dinner about six o'clock. When he returned the run was still in full blast. The next morning he noticed that from time to time the directors glanced in the direction of the safety deposit vaults. One of them seemed to gaze into the far corner of the vault.

THE EFFECT OF FEAR

RISING from his seat, he walked to the bookkeeper, and turning to the names of the five directors, ascertained that they had drawn practically every cent they had in the bank while he was out to dinner the night before.

Their sidewise glances toward the safety deposit vaults aroused his suspicions.

"Let a man carry a stolen watch," he explained later, "and he will take it out and look at it from time to time. These men had taken out their money and they could not help looking in the direction in which it was concealed—behind steel doors."

The bank was closed then and there. When the private boxes of these gentlemen were opened, upon the examiner's peremptory demand, the money was found. Then a terrible condition was revealed.

It had been the practice when borrowers came for accommodation, as in the case of an irrigation enterprise, to require that, instead of purchasing one tract of land, the company buy acreage the directors owned at a fabulous price. In return for the loan they took a block of stock in the company sufficient to place the books in their possession, though the actual management of the company was intrusted to the man who originally negotiated the loan. Handicapped by inflated land values and tremendous engineering difficulties, the project did not pay. The stock these bankers received they hypothecated with other banking institutions.

CAUGHT

IN one large financial house, which was held in high esteem and in the greatest of confidence by the public, an examiner noticed that many of the merchants of the city, in addition to maintaining large balances, carried notes for various amounts. A man who had a balance of \$10,000 to his credit might also owe \$3,000 or \$5,000. As his deposits exceeded the face of his indebtedness, the loan was perfectly good. The books were admirably kept. Yet this circumstance was so general that he marveled at it.

Everything was, apparently, exactly as it should be. This bank enjoyed the reputation of being a difficult one through which to negotiate a loan. When a note was due, it had to be paid. If not, it was sent to the legal department. Everything was handled in the most business-like manner.

It was the general saying about town that one had almost to put up gold coin for a loan—and then he was not always certain of it.

As the examiner was closing his business with the bank, and was talking with the cashier preliminary to leaving, there entered a well-known merchant. He was a man of direct language. Stepping into the presence of the cashier, he said:

"Mr. Brown, I want to borrow \$10,000. I have a balance of that amount. It will be necessary for me to pay out \$10,000 in the next thirty days for new stock in order to take advantage of unusual discounts offered by a manufacturer who is short of money. I want to make a note so that I may maintain an average deposit of \$10,000. It is the first time I have ever asked you for an accommodation, you know."

"Just a moment, Mr. —," the cashier said, "I am busy at this instant."

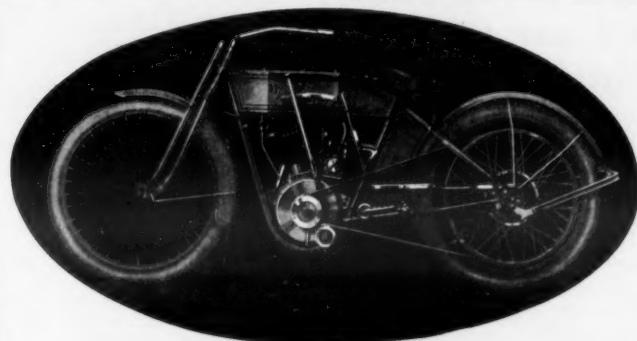
"I will step out," said the examiner.

THE CLEW

HE left the room. Going directly to the note case, he took from it a piece of "paper" and, returning, laid it before the would-be borrower.

"You have evidently forgotten that you signed this note."

The merchant's eyes nearly popped out of his head.



Fourteen Inches of Springs Between the Rider and the Bumps

DID YOU EVER take an unexpected step downward. Remember how unpleasant the resulting jar was? To the rider of the ordinary motorcycle the holes, bumps and ruts common to ordinary roads are veritable unexpected steps downward, yielding the same jar and unpleasant effects. This is not true, however, with THE NEW

Harley-Davidson

"THE SILENT GREY FELLOW"

whose saddle and **Ful-Floting Seat** (a new and exclusive feature) place fourteen inches of springs between the rider and the bumps. This seat floats or suspends the riders weight between concealed springs, held under heavy compression, 28 inches of springs being used for this purpose as against only the small inadequate saddle springs of the ordinary motorcycle. This **Ful-Floting Seat** eliminates all the jars and jolts formerly so objectionable, making the Harley-Davidson ride with all the ease and comfort of an expensive touring car.

CLEANLINESS EASY STARTING

All moving parts that use oil or grease are now encased in oil tight cases, thus doing away entirely with any possibility of getting grease or oil on the riders clothes—another objectionable feature in the ordinary motorcycle.

The **Free-Wheel Control** (another exclusive feature) does away absolutely with tiresome pedaling, or running alongside to start, the machine being started or stopped by the mere shifting of a lever.

These features—all exclusive Harley-Davidson features—will be demonstrated to you by our nearest dealer. We have just issued a descriptive booklet, which will be gladly sent you on request.

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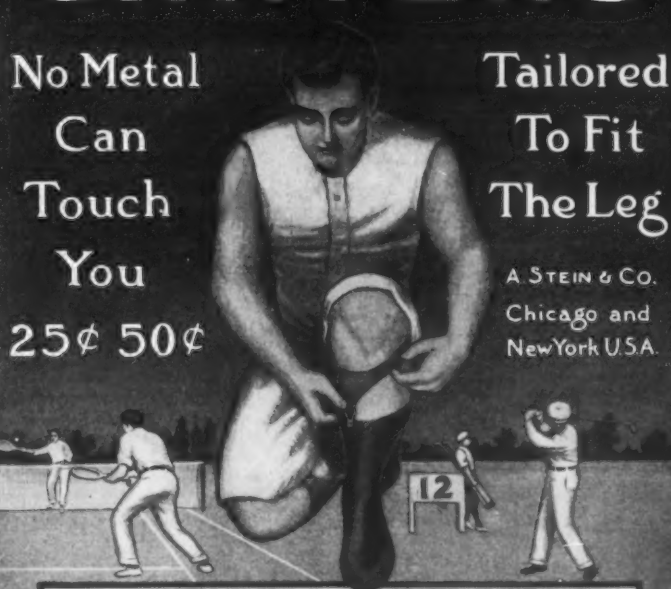


PARIS GARTERS

No Metal
 Can
 Touch
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 25¢ 50¢

Tailored
 To Fit
 The Leg

A STEIN & CO.
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A letter to your School Board may save your children's eyes.

What kind of towels are provided at the school your children attend? Are they roller fabric towels that must be used over and over again by 60 or 70 pupils?

Then you owe it to your children to see that partnership fabric towels are removed.

The roller towel is a spreader of eye and skin diseases and is not fit to touch, no matter if it has been used once or a hundred times.

Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a Blotter"

are made of clean, white, absorbent paper and are always safe and sanitary.

There is a clean, fresh towel for everyone at every wash. "Use once and throw away."

"Scot Tissue" Towels are carefully packed in a dust-proof carton—the only ones that are protected.

150 Towels in a Roll, 35c

(West of the Mississippi, and Canada, 50c)

Fixtures 25c to \$1.00

Find out about this towel-in-the-school matter and, if roller fabric towels are being used, get a letter off quick to your School Board. It will help wonderfully to save your children from skin trouble and eye diseases.

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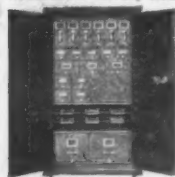
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from fire and theft. Your safe cannot hold all of them. Insurance cannot replace them. The only way is to file them in

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Write for booklet N-2 THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY

Dept. N. Marietta, O.

Manufacturers of THE S.C. BOOK-UNIT, the new steel library system.

The Bank Looter

(Concluded from page 37)

"I never signed that note. I never signed a note in my life. This is a forgery—and it's a clever one."

Looking the cashier steadily in the eye, and without a word, the examiner passed the note to him. The cashier studied it a moment.

"There is something wrong here," he remarked quietly.

"Who took that note?" asked the examiner.

"Who forged my name. What business had you to accept a note with my name on it without consulting me?" the merchant shouted. He was purple with rage. The cashier turned livid. The merchant, working himself into a fury of excitement, talked loudly, and in a moment a dozen clerks were looking through the glass partition of the private office.

EYE TO EYE

LEVELING his finger at the cashier, and in a slow, even tone, the examiner said: "You forged that note."

"It's a lie."

"You forged that note."

The dry-goods merchant noticed the paleness of the cashier, and shouted:

"You are a forger, that's what you are, a contemptible forger. You are trying to rob your depositors."

"Not so loud, please," cautioned the cashier.

"I'll yell it from the housetops, and I'll keep it up until I hoot you out of this bank."

The examiner again stepped out of the room, and calling a clerk, handed him about twenty notes, and said:

"Call up the makers of these notes by 'phone and tell them to come to the bank at once and settle, or the amount will be deducted from their balances."

In a few moments half a dozen excited men had arrived, who declared that the notes held against them were forgeries. All agreed that they were clever.

The cashier was caught in a horrible trap.

Within a few hours it was discovered that the strength of the bank was honey-combed with fraud. All of the bad paper had been accepted by the cashier. Some of it had been carried for years. The interest was paid, the notes renewed, and everything appeared perfectly regular. Even the officers and employees of the bank were deceived.

MEMORY

THE cashier had made a practice of forging notes to men who always carried a handsome balance, paying the interest or settling the account of one depositor by forging the name of another. The system was intricate and ingenious in a high degree.

It was the ability of the examiner to remember having seen the name of the dry-goods merchant among the notes signed that enabled him to set one of the prettiest traps ever baited.

The City

By

HARRY SCHERMAN

SPACE is black before you.

Over across the river are the lights,

Stars by the water's edge.

Above—a clear quarter of the moon,

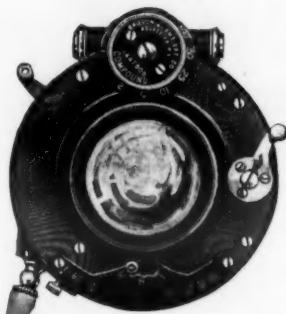
And the vast black sky

And the infinite heaven's stars.

You hear, upon the night air,
The choking cough of an engine—
The steps of some passers-by—
The musical voice of a woman
Growing faint now—fainter and sweeter.

Then, far toward the other shore,
The reports of a gasoline motor—
A whistle, long and mournful,
From a ferryboat down the harbor.

Back of it all, ever present,
A dim, hushed monotone—
Not a noise, but a monotone—
The monotone of the city.



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They take what you want when you want it.

Snap-Shots on cloudy days, snap-shots in light shade—even in-door snap-shots when conditions are right—all these are easily possible with the Special Kodaks.

They are pocket cameras, so light that you carry them where you will; they are Kodaks, so simple that you readily learn to use them; they are capable instruments, so efficient that they take what you want, when you want it.

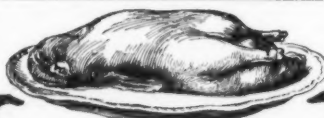
IN DETAIL—Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lenses, speed $f/6.3$ Compound shutters, with variable indicated speeds—from 1 second to $\frac{1}{250}$ of a second on the No. 3A and to $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second on the Nos. 3 and 1A. Also time and "bulb" exposures. Rising and sliding fronts, rack and pinion for focusing, reversible brilliant finders, two tripod sockets. Load in daylight with Kodak film cartridges. Made of aluminum covered with finest Persian morocco. Black leather bellows, heavily nickeled fittings. Correct in design and accurate in every detail of construction.

No. 1A Special Kodak, for pictures,	-	2 1/2 x 4 1/4 inches,	\$50.00
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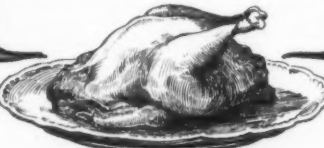
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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a perfect relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Gravies, Salad Dressings and Chafing Dish Cooking.

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A 5-lb. piece of ice in one of these baskets will keep the lunch cool for a whole day, even in hottest weather. One of the indispensables for motorists or persons who love to spend the days out in the woods. Baskets are insect and dust-proof. Non-rusting nickel plated interior surrounded by thick asbestos wall. Baskets made of heavy galvanized steel and are practically indestructible. Not expensive. Sold by auto dealers, sporting goods and department stores. But be sure to see the name Hawkeye.



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are completely equipped with plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks—everything down to napkins, coffee pots and a saucepan. The Hawkeye trade mark inside the basket cover will protect you from inferior goods. If you have difficulty getting any Hawkeye Baskets, write us and we will send you our luncheon recipe book free for your trouble. Now is just the season when a Hawkeye basket will give you greatest pleasure. So write today.

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I shall get big value for my money.
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I shall get a diamond that is right in material, cut, and proportion—a brilliant gem.

A diamond bought of Baird-North Co. is bought right—it is a good investment.

Baird-North Co. is the only firm that gives me a full year in which to get my money back—all of it—if I am not satisfied with my investment.

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NATIONAL MACHINE & STAMPING CO.
1603 Commerce Building Detroit, Michigan

Social Usurpation

(Concluded from page 11)

characters, which the university most desires, as a sane and democratic corrective.

There is one practical way to offset or to remedy the errors of undergraduate judgment, to reward the men of late development, and to bring into useful contact with the university those who could influence it for the best, and that is to establish what would be equivalent to a graduate Order of Merit, an organization possessing all the social attractions of a clubhouse, membership to which should be offered only to graduates of six years' standing, and that only for the most distinguished achievement. In other words, if our colleges are to continue on the basis of arbitrary social selection, what is imperatively needed is a corrective organization that would transcend all undergraduate organizations, that would be the greatest ambition to a college man and present to the outer world a true test of a college career.

A WRONGFUL SURRENDER

BUT, above all, the problem of every college to-day is the problem of education, threatened by the domination of the social competition.

Now for families to desire that their sons should make in college the social connections which will be sympathetic and helpful to them in after life is both natural and right. Properly restricted, this is an outer influence that must be recognized.

What is wrong is for the university to surrender its standard to the standard of the hour. The university must say:

“We recognize your right to your friendships, if naturally expressed, but our standard is the first standard to which you must conform. If you come to this university, you come primarily—first, last, and always—for an education. If you fulfill this requirement, well and good, but we will not allow you to use this great university purely as a social stepping stone.”

SCHOLARSHIP MIGHT BE MADE FASHIONABLE

THE one ready, practical, and logical method of enforcing this necessary standard of the university is to insist on a reasonably high standard of scholarship as a test of eligibility for social organizations, whether they be clubs, fraternities, or secret societies, and not merely the ordinary passing mark, but a fair test of character and brains.

The undergraduate mind is so rich in acquisitiveness and the curriculum so temperate in its exigencies that I believe seventy-five per cent of the class could achieve the rank of Phi Beta Kappa if this were the sole qualification of a social career. I fully realize that to advance this anarchistic proposal is to be pilloried with Judas, Benedict Arnold, and the author of the first book on Greek prose composition, but I believe that it is the one feasible way in which the prestige of the college as an educational force can be restored and a check put upon the excessive rise of undergraduate activities, and that, though the resulting thirst for knowledge among the socially ambitious will convulse the colleges with gleeful merriment for years to come, the result will be a first step from the intemperate and inconsequential struggle for false social success back to that thorough and sound schooling that is a matter not of local significance but of imperative national necessity.

THE BASIC FACT

FOR, whatever the point of view from which this intricate problem may be studied, finally one must always return to the point of departure.

After all arguments for and against any social system have been discussed, this fact remains: men in the leading universities of our country are no longer being sent to seek an education but to find a social experience, and the parent evil to-day is that the universities should have surrendered to this new face in American life, that they have as yet taken no practical steps to restore that prestige they enjoyed thirty years ago as institutions of learning, and that they are now contenting themselves with the fallacy that they are serving their national function by attempting to become worthy schools for character.

The second article of the series will portray conditions at Harvard University.

The “Piece of Furniture” on which Hangs the Life of the Child

An epidemic of “Summer complaint” broke out in a New York hospital. The cause was, of course, sought widely. The source of the milk supply was traced perfect but the milk itself was poison. What was finally found is as follows:—

THE temperature of the refrigerator in which this milk was kept had attained “70 degrees!” And yet the ice chamber was full of ice—the air was apparently cold. No one had thought, for these simple reasons, that such a condition could exist.

The thing that occurred was germ multiplication, in milk that was up to the usual purity standard—the same milk you buy every day. There was not a thing wrong but the “ice box.”

But one germ in “fresh” milk in 24 hours can breed 7,000 others—even at 68 degrees. In 48 hours, at 68 degrees these germs can increase 7,000 times more. The moral is this:—

There's a refrigerator called the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator. It costs a trifle more than common kinds. But it maintains from 42 to 48 degrees and stays so dry that salt kept in it doesn't cake. It practically arrests germ multiplication even in milk 48 hours old—and most milk is that old when you get it. It is a machine in which there is constant action—the syphoning of pure, fresh, dry air throughout every square inch of each food compartment.

This is the kind of refrigerator that saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your children's sake.

Write for the Bohn Syphon catalog. We'll send also a free book—“Scientific Food Keeping”—which reveals some astonishing facts about food and shows how to safeguard it from germs. This book is scientifically accurate, every statement being verified by the health commissioner of a great city. It is written for home reading so is understandable. Extracts from a pamphlet by the Illinois State Food Commission come with it and bear out every statement. No mother will ever know enough about the dangers in milk till she reads it. Any Bohn dealer will give you these things. There's a Bohn dealer in your neighborhood. We'll tell you his name.



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Any dealer who sells Bohn Syphon Refrigerators will give you this book. He'll also gladly show you the Bohn—how it is made—why it weighs 80 pounds more than some refrigerators that sell for the same money and what that means. Examine also the Bohn non-porous, hard, white, “bath-tub” enamel, sanitary lining, and ask about “ten walls of insulation.”

Write for “Scientific Food Keeping”

You owe the knowledge contained in this book to your children, madam. Don't put it off. Send a postal now. Simply say, “Send the Book and the Bohn Catalog.”

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Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of dental surgery.

Perfect health is not possible with unsound teeth, and success is not probable without good health. Increased efficiency, due to your ability to properly masticate your food, and a sweet clean breath will follow the use of Dr. Lyon's. Sound, clean teeth are an asset that will surely advance your interests in social as well as business affairs.

A woman's beauty is made or marred by her teeth. A plain face is made attractive by pretty teeth while good features are often ruined by ill-kept teeth. Dr. Lyon's is a dainty dentifrice that particular women can use with pleasure.

Children should be taught to use the brush

and Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, especially while their mouths contain both temporary and permanent teeth. At this time decay is most apt to occur, due to the bad condition of the temporary teeth that are being replaced.

If your teeth are free from decay, the use of Dr. Lyon's Powder after each meal, will keep them that way. If it were possible to keep teeth perfectly clean there would be no such thing as decay. Dr. Lyon's being in powder form, produces most closely, the ideal condition of perfect cleanliness.



If you have a commodity to sell and want to put it on the market, **COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS** can help you.

In the 500,000 homes into which Collier's goes each week, there are dozens of able men and women who are on the lookout for an opportunity to better their present position and increase their earning capacity.

There is only one "if"—Your proposition must be reliable and must possess real possibilities. If this is so, you cannot help but find it profitable to advertise in these columns.

Four lines is the minimum space accepted; fifteen lines the maximum.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED IN N. Y., Pa., S. Atlantic and Gulf States east of Texas, O., Ind., Kan., Mo., Col., Mont., Ore., Canada, and other good territory. To place local agencies for M-M motorcycles, and a new machine we are just launching on the market. Liberal commission on initial and subsequent sales, making large income possible. Can be handled alone or in conjunction with other lines. We wish to negotiate only with men of experience, good address and personal appearance. Address American Motor Co., 810 Center St., Brooklyn, Mass.

ONE MAN OR WOMAN IN EVERY TOWN in the country to introduce our household winner; the housewives won't be without it after they have once seen it, nor will the family when they have tasted it; first sales give a good profit, but re-orders mean a steady income year in and out. Booklet meaning dollars to you, Free. Kwench-A-Thirst Products Co., 26 Harrison St., Dept. 36, New York.

INCOME INSURANCE: SOMETHING NEW. Liberal, new form, low cost policy issues to men or women, all occupations, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of \$25 weekly for sickness or injuries, \$5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$2000 Accidental Death, \$15 weekly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost \$5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED EVERYWHERE for new office specialty. Duplicate orders every month. Chance for a live wire. Dandy seller. You can employ sub agents. A. Lowell Mfg. Co., 258 Broadway, New York City.

SALESMEN: FULL TIME OR SIDE LINE. Pocket samples. Big repeat business. Proposition appeals to Merchants in all classes of trade. Brand new. Those capable of earning \$50 to \$75 weekly desired. Cooperative Premium Co., Dept. 23, Dayton, Ohio.

SALESMEN WANTED TO HANDLE COMPLETE LINE of formaldehyde fumigators, liquid soap, sweeping compound, modern disinfectants and sanitary supplies. The Formacome Company, 42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

HIGH-GRADE STATE REPRESENTATIVES and managers wanted for strongest featured best selling Vacuum Cleaner made; New York, Penna., Ohio, Michigan and Illinois still open. Perflex Cleaner Co., Waukegan, Ill.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Responsible Patent Lawyers, 606 F St., Washington, D. C. Send for 50th Anniversary booklet—free. Valuable for inventors and manufacturers. Highest References.

THE LARGEST NUMBER OF SUCCESSFUL clients is our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 8c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. E. Lacey, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

CLEMENTS & CLEMENTS, PATENT LAWYERS, 711 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C. Prompt service. No misleading inducements. Advice book and Patent Office Rules free. Best references.

OF INTEREST TO INVENTORS

"INVENTION PROTECTION" BY A SUCCESSFUL inventor tells why some inventors fail and others succeed. Sent postpaid upon receipt of 25c. Write today. S. I. Prescott, 111 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

WE ARE EQUIPPED TO MAKE DIES AND metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

SUCCESS SHORTHAND IS TAUGHT BY EXPERTS and written by the world's fastest writer. A complete course for stenographers and beginners. Catalogue free. Success Shorthand School, Suite 710, Schiller Bldg., Chicago.

MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT STORIES or for Newspapers. Big pay. Free booklet. Tells how. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco, Cal.

LEARN A PROFESSION: PREPARE FOR ENTRANCE to Medical, Pharmacy, Law, Engineering Schools through our Residential or Home Study Correspondence courses. University affiliation, self-supporting plans. Brooks Classical School, 1071 Schiller Bldg., Chicago.

PICTURE PLAYWRIGHTS' SCHOOLS

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Asa'd M. P. Schools, 675 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

AUTO INSTRUCTION

BE AN AUTO EXPERT. FINE POSITIONS open. Easy work, Big Pay. We teach you at home by charts, diagrams and model. Highest endorsements. Small payment to start. Write for new 1912 book—Free. Practical Auto School, 115A Pearl Street, New York.

TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

NO. 6 REMINGTONS, \$18.00. NO. 2 SMITH Premiers, \$17.00, and all other standard makes of typewriters at lowest prices. Many only slightly used. Fresh stock. Perfect condition. True bargains. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue, specimens of writing and price list on request. New York Typewriter Exchange, 92 Leonard Street, New York City.

LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS in America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. 1/4 to 1/2 mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalogue 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

SALESMEN AS GENERAL SELLING AND distributing agents for the Automatic Combination Tool. A high class article for Contractors, Farmers, Teamsters, Fence Builders, Threshers, Factories, Mines, etc. Wire Stretcher, Post Puller, Hoist, Lifting and Pulling Machine. Vice and dozens of other uses. Capacity 3 tons, weight 24 pounds. No experience necessary. Position pays big commissions. Catalogue, prices and proposition free upon request. Automatic Jack Co., Box K, Bloomfield, Ind.

MEN AND WOMEN HAVING LARGE AC- quaintance wanted to give part or all time to successful enterprise operated on new lines. Large immediate remuneration. Fascinating, profitable, permanent and honorable business quickly learned. No investment required. "Advertiser," Suite 1011, 200 Fifth Ave., New York.

ADVERTISING STICKERS! ALL KINDS! ALL Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR gold and silver letters for Stores and Office windows easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 438 N. Clark St., Chicago.

WANTED: SUBSCRIPTION MEN AND women to call on the Medical Profession and Druggists. Big commission. Romaine Pierson, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED TO WORK SMALL TOWNS on our gasoline flat iron. Every woman interested immediately. Something that makes her work easier. Big profits. Victor Light and Iron Co., Loganport, Ind.

AGENTS—DROP DEAD ONES. AWAKE! Grab this new invention. Low priced, water power home Massage Machine. Magical, marvelous, mysterious. New field. Big profits. Sold on Money Back Guarantee. Margwarth sold 5 in 10 minutes, 31 in 2 days. Parker sells 8 first day. A big surprise awaits you; address Blackstone Co., 397 Meredith, Toledo, Ohio.

GREAT FORTUNE, SELLING WONDERFUL new patented attachable fan for sewing machines. Useful everywhere. Speaks itself. Exclusive territory. Sample \$1.00. Attachable Fan Co., 80 West 134th St., N. Y. City.

AGENTS: FOR "EVERBRITE" GOLD GLASS Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

WE WANT AN AMBITIOUS MAN OR WOMAN in every town. Erusticator, much needed household article, sells on sight. Exclusive side line. Big profits. 10c for sample and terms. Chloroxine Co., 706 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—IT COSTS ME ABOUT \$2 TO SECURE your name and ship sample machine, but it's a dead sure way of convincing you I've got the best household invention on earth. Branch office being established in every town. Elmer E. Stevens, 1272 Adams Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

EARN A STEADY INCOME SELLING THE only perfect vacuum cleaner retailing for \$3.50. Big profits. Plenty repeat orders. Exclusive territory. Unique selling plan. Write today. Everybody, 42 E. 23rd St., New York.

MEN TO CALL ON WOMEN AND DEMON- strate money-saving, work-saving, patented household article; sells for \$2.50; half profit; not sold in stores; exclusive agency; new men sell 1 to 10 a day; samples loaned. S. G. Chase, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

YOU CAN MAKE \$888 AS OUR GENERAL or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 114 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

AGENTS, BOTH SEXES, WE MANUFACTURE and control Climax, smokeless, odless and never-burn Fry Pan. Entirely new. Exclusive territory. C. W. Connolly Mfg. Company, 123 Liberty Street, New York.

MY—HOW THEY FALL FOR OUR "LUCKY" "seven" toilet combination (\$3.20 value); you sell for \$1.00; We manufacture; you save middleman's profit; our new colored circular is like seeing the real goods; free to workers; act today. Davis Soap Works, 210 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

EARN BIG MONEY SELLING COLLECTION cabinets to merchants; no competition; exclusive territory; write for free samples and descriptive matter. Sayers Company, 404 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE SAMPLE GOES WITH FIRST LETTER. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders \$1.00 to \$10.00. Big demand everywhere. Nice pleasant business. Write at once. Metallic Sign Co., 432 N. Clark, Chicago.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION solicitors easily earn liberal commissions, also can pick up extra prize money. For full particulars regarding commissions, prizes, free advertising matter, sample copies, etc., Address Desk 1, 155 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

WOMEN AGENTS

AN INDEPENDENT BUSINESS FOR A LADY. 6,000 gentlewomen have succeeded with our simple, honorable plan. No capital or experience. Light, dignified work. Franco-American Hygienic Co., 131 E. 13th St., Chicago.

WOMEN AND MEN! SELL "FAVORITE" knit auto hoods for ladies and girls. Be first in your city. Write for free catalogue, and detailed information. A. J. Mandel & Co., 1388 West 9th St., Cleveland, O.

BOYS WANTED

BOYS, WORK IN SPARE TIME AFTER school; will not interfere with school duties. We send you everything necessary to start absolutely free. Send your name and address on a post card to The Christian Herald, Sales Department W, New York.

A 400% PROFIT. GLIDING CASTERS, JUST out. We want agents capable earning \$50 a week or more, men to take large exclusive territory and handle complete outfit, \$3.50. Riches Awaiting You. Agents, this is a money-making proposition. A few of our best Agents are selling 135 outfits a month. It's wonderful how eager every family is to get this absolutely safe New Air-Pressure Self-Heating Sad Iron. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Rush your remittance, \$3.50, for the above described outfit. Town, County and State Agents wanted. Agents' Money-Making Catalog of many other articles Free. New Process Mfg. Co., Sad Iron Room 5, Salina, Kansas.

GASOLINE SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON. Pump and Sad Iron Stands sells for \$6.00. Agents' price, complete outfit, \$3.50. Riches Awaiting You. Agents, this is a money-making proposition. A few of our best Agents are selling 135 outfits a month. It's wonderful how eager every family is to get this absolutely safe New Air-Pressure Self-Heating Sad Iron. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Rush your remittance, \$3.50, for the above described outfit. Town, County and State Agents wanted. Agents' Money-Making Catalog of many other articles Free. New Process Mfg. Co., Sad Iron Room 5, Salina, Kansas.

AGENTS: FOR ADVERTISED BARTY SPECI- alities—Low Price during introduction. Sample Hair Curler and Belt, Postpaid, 15c. Woodward Sample Company, 1067 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN HUSTLERS WANTED to sell sanitary household brushes, 60 varieties. Live wires make big money. Territory still open. Write immediately. Halsted, 51 Cliff Street, New York.

AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS, BIG MONEY daily, selling our Self-Heating Sad Iron. Sells almost on sight. Martin, sold over 1200 ds. Irons in 1 yr. Send for big colored Circular, full size and interior view of Iron. The Monitor Sad Iron Co., 46 Monitor Bldg., Big Prairie, O.

AGENTS. 50c WORTH GUARANTEED SIGN Letters gives you \$5 profit. Instantly put up by anyone, with kerosene area roller. Samples free. Success or money back. Boss Letter Co., 2489 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

WRITE NOW—BE FIRST AND ONLY AGENT in your town. Send 15 cents for two 14 K Gold Plated, sell at 15 cents each. Agents average a gross a day. Complete Agency outfit and plan sent with order for two. Ralloe Retainer Company, 199 Greene Street, New York.

AGENTS TO SELL CIGAR LIGHTERS TO stores. New Invention. Different from all others; no experience required. Big profits. Full information, terms. Address Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"ALCA" THE FAMOUS \$6.00 VACUUM Cleaner seeks a few more willing agents to show its merits and promises prosperity and success in return. Write for gilt-edged proposition. Alca Co., 386 W. 50th St., Dept. C, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 240 Bar St., Canton, O.

MANUFACTURER OF NEW, EXCLUSIVE lined heel and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agent in every county. Sales enormous. Re-orders insure permanent, increasing income. Exclusive territory. Credit J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS: OUR COLUMBIA FOLDING HAND Bag is the best proposition on the market. Not sold in stores. Big profit. Write for terms and other big sellers. S. K. Diamond, 35 West 21st St., N. Y. C.

VACUUM CLEANER AGENTS WANTED. To sell celebrated Thurman Vacuum Cleaners, std. of the world, made by originator. Big profits. Sample and "Can Make Yours a Dustless Home." Thurman Vacuum Cleaner Co., 10 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW PEERLESS ACCI- dent Policy. Pays \$1000 death and \$7.50 weekly benefit for \$1 yearly. Largest company. \$250,000 deposited with State. Great Eastern Casualty Co., Peerless Dept. C, Newark, N.J.

OUR NEW FACTORY JUST OPENED. Big line of new, down-to-date specialties. Red hot sellers. Big profits. General agents wanted. Exclusive selling rights. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

AGENTS, BIG PROFITS. BRANDT'S PATENTED Automatic Razor Shaver, automatically puts a perfect edge on any Razor, old style or safety. Details at \$2. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quickly for terms, prices and territory. B. Brandt Cutlery Co., 42 Hudson Street, New York City.

AGENTS: PORTRAITS, 35c; FRAMES, 15c; Silver Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 3d; 4c credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2365, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS: THE "NU-PANTZ" CREASER creases trousers perfectly (on or off) in five minutes. No end to sales for hustlers; profit \$1.25 each. Address, Racine Creaser Co., 8th St., Racine, Wis.

HUSTLERS WANTED FOR A WONDER SELL- ing line of sanitary household brushes. Big profits; territory going fast. Write us at once. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

HANDLE AN ARTICLE THAT REPEATS. Such article has merit. We have best seller and repeater on market. Field unlimited. Big profits. Sample and particulars free. Silveco Co., 365 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago.

INFORMATION FOR POLICYHOLDERS

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES BOUGHT. We pay higher cash values than the issuing company for totine or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 38 Liberty St., New York.

FOR MEN and WOMEN—16 to 70

SEND APPLICATION FOR SPECIAL "GET- acquainted" offer—\$10 yearly—old line policy against sickness and accidents. Pays \$5,000 death; \$25.00 weekly disability benefit. Reliable representatives wanted. L. B. Smutz, Mgr., 515-76 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

REAL ESTATE

DELAWARE DELAWARE
DELAWARE FARMS. MONEY-MAKING farms throughout entire State. \$15 an acre up. We pay buyers' railroad fare. Write for catalog free. Ford & Reis, Inc., Dept. 112, Wilmington, Del.

FLORIDA
SPLENDID CHANCE FOR MEN OF LIMITED means. Big profits raising Oranges, Grape fruit and Vegetables in Fla. Net \$500 to \$1000 per acre in Land of Maudslaws. Low priced farms in 6 Sou. States. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. J. A. Pride, Gen. Ind. Agt., Seaboard Air Line Ry., Suite 301, Norfolk, Va.

NEW JERSEY
DESIRABLE PROPERTY OF 36 ACRES WOOD- land for sale; running stream, ice-pond, fruits and berries, lies on both sides of willow drive; eight minutes walk from Depot. For full particulars write Mrs. Harrison D. White, Little Silver, N. J.

NEW MEXICO
FERTILE, PROSPEROUS PECOS VALLEY offers you irrigated apple and famous pea-green alfalfa land \$75 acre up—long time—delightful home and profitable farm. Booklet about soil, climate, water supply and schools free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1817 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

NORTHWEST UNITED STATES
INVESTIGATE THE FERTILE NORTHWEST United States. Excellent land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, adjacent to Northern Pacific Ry. Stay near home markets; quick transportation; close to good neighbors and good schools; no isolated pioneering. Free U. S. Government homestead land; state land on easy terms; deeded land at low prices and on crop-payment plan. Climate fine for man, beast and crops. Choice localities being opened by branch lines now building. Write quick for free illustrated literature, saying what state most interests you. L. J. Bricker, Gen'l Immigration Agent, 134 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn.

VIRGINIA
CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS ALONG THE C. & O. Ry. As low as \$15.00 per acre. Abundant rainfall, rich soil, mild winters, nearby Eastern markets. Write today for illustrated booklet "Country Life in Virginia," and low excursion rates. Address K. T. Crawley, Indus. Agt., C. & O. Ry., Room O, Richmond, Va.

VIRGINIA FARM LANDS \$15.00 PER ACRE and up—easy terms. We will send you our beautifully illustrated magazine one year free if you will send names of two friends who might be interested in the South. Address F. H. LaRouge, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry., Box 3091, Norfolk, Va.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

CALIFORNIA'S SANTA CLARA VALLEY, known as the "poor man's paradise," surrounds Sunnyvale, the manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. Ideal climate. Best soil for fruit, truck gardening, chicken ranching and diversified farming. Ample water. Write to-day for new fifty page illustrated book, mailed free. Address Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 35 Crossman Bldg., Sunnyvale, Cal.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AUTOMOBILE SALES MANAGER WANTED. To establish his own agency in Cities where we are not represented. No capital required, except ability to purchase Demonstrating Car. Best references demanded. Carhart Automobile Corporation, 479-487 Michigan Avenue, Detroit.

INVESTMENTS

FORTY YEARS WE HAVE FURNISHED Western Farm Mortgages to investors in every part of the U. S. 6% net. Send for descriptive pamphlet "M" and list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

6% NORTH DAKOTA FARM MORTGAGES safe and always worth par. Security steadily increasing in value. We look after all details for you. Write for particulars to First National Bank, Casselton, North Dakota.

7% MORTGAGES ON FARMS AND IMPROVED city property. Legal rate of interest 10%. Send for our booklet. Noonan Loan and Realty Company, Inc., 236 Lee Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

DUPLICATING APPARATUS

THE PRICE IS RIGHT! \$5.00 FOR A DAUS' Tip-Top Duplicator that makes 100 copies of typewritten and pen-written work from one original without fuss or bother. Not a cheap putty pad. Get one on 10 days' trial, or send for specimen copies and descriptive circular. The Felix A. T. Daus Duplicator Co., Daus Bldg., 111 John St., N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FILMS DEVELOPED, 10c PER ROLL; ALL sizes. Velox Prints. Brownies 3c.; 3 1/2x3 1/2, 3 1/4x4 1/4, 4c.; 4x5, 2A, 5c. Send two negatives and we will print these free as a sample of our work; we are film specialists, and give you better results than you have ever had. Cole & Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

COLLECTIONS

"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

BIRDS; POULTRY, DOGS, and PETS

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES AND PHEAS- ants, deer, rabbits, quail, swans, fancy ducks and geese, and all kind of pet stock. Send 4 cts. for descriptive circulars. Wenz & Mackensen, Dept. L, Yardley, Pa.

Behind the Singer Tower

(Concluded from page 17)

hadn't been a dry human being in New York. Your linen went down three minutes after you put it on. We moved about insulated in moisture, like the fishes in the sea. That night I couldn't go down into the hole right away. When you once got down there the heat from the boilers and the steam from the diamond drills made a temperature that was beyond anything the human frame was meant to endure. I stood looking down for a long while, I remember. It was a hole nearly three acres square, and on one side the Savoyard rose up twenty stories, a straight blank, brick wall. You know what a mess such a hole is; great boulders of rock and deep pits of sand and gulleys of water, with drills puffing everywhere and little crumpled men crawling about like tumble bugs under the stream from the searchlight. When you got down in the hole, the wall of the Savoyard seemed to go clear up to the sky; that pale blue, enamel sky of a New York midsummer night. Six of my men were moving a diamond drill and settling it into a new place, when one of the big clamshells that swung back and forth over the hole fell with its load of sand—the worn cabling, of course. It was directly over my men when it fell. They couldn't hear anything for the noise of the drill; didn't know anything had happened until it struck them. They were bending over, huddled together, and the thing came down on them like a brick dropped on an ant hill. They were all buried, Caesarino among them. When we got them out, two were dead and the others were dying. My boy was the first we reached. The edge of the clamshell had struck him, and he was all broken to pieces. The moment we got his head out he began chattering like a monkey. I put my ear down to his lips—the other drills were still going—and he was talking about what I had forgotten, that his steamer ticket was in his pocket and that he was to sail next Saturday. 'E necessario, signore, e necessario,' he kept repeating. He had written his family what boat he was coming on, and his mother would be at the door, watching it when it went by to Naples. 'E necessario, signore, e necessario.'

"WHEN the ambulances got there the orderlies lifted two of the men and had them carried up to the street, but when they turned to Caesarino they dismissed him with a shrug, glancing at him with the contemptuous expression that ambulance orderlies come to have when they see that a man is too much shattered to pick up. He saw the look, and a boy who doesn't know the language learns to read looks. He broke into sobs and began to beat the rock with his hands. 'Curs-a da hole, curs-a da hole, curs-a da build!' he screamed, bruising his fists on the shale. I caught his hands and leaned over him. 'Buono soldato, buono soldato,' I said in his ear. His shrieks stopped, and his sobs quivered down. He looked at me—'Buono soldato,' he whispered, 'ma, perche?' Then the hemorrhage from his mouth shut him off, and he began to choke. In a few minutes it was all over with Little Caesar.

"About that time Merryweather showed up. Some one had telephoned him, and he had come down in his car. He was a little frightened and pleasurably excited. He has the truly journalistic mind—saving your presence, gentlemen—and he likes anything that bites on the tongue. He looked things over and ducked his head and grinned good-naturedly. 'Well, I guess you've got your new cabling out of me now, huh, Freddy?' he said to me. I went up to his car with him. His hand shook a little as he shielded a match to light his cigarette. 'Don't get shaky, Freddy. That wasn't so worse,' he said as he stepped into his car.

"For the next few days I was busy seeing that the boy didn't get buried in a trench with a brass tag around his neck. On Saturday night I got his pay envelope, and he was paid for only half of the night he was killed; the accident happened about eleven o'clock. I didn't fool with any paymaster. On Monday morning I went straight to Merryweather's office, stormed his bower of rose and gold, and put that envelope on the mahogany between us. 'Merryweather,' said I, 'this is going to cost you something. I hear the relatives of the other fellows have all signed off for a few hundred,

but this little dago hadn't any relatives here, and he's going to have the best lawyers in New York to prosecute his claim for him.'

"Stanley flew into one of his quick tempers. 'What business is it of yours, and what are you out to do us for?'

"I'm out to get every cent that's coming to this boy's family.'

"How in hell is that any concern of yours?'

"Never mind that. But we've got one awfully good case, Stanley. I happen to be the man who reported to you on that cabling again and again. I have a copy of the letter I wrote you about it when you were at Mount Desert, and I have your reply.'

"STANLEY whirled round in his swivel chair and reached for his check book. 'How much are you gouging for?' he asked with his baronical pout.

"Just all the courts will give me. I want it settled there,' I said, and I got up to go.

"Well, you've chosen your class, sir,' he broke out, ruffling up red. 'You can stay in a hole with the guineas till the end of time for all of me. That's where you've put yourself.'

"I got my money out of that concern and sent it off to the old woman in Ischia, and that's the end of the story. You all know Merryweather. He's the first man in my business since his uncle died, but we manage to keep clear of each other. The Mont Blanc was a milestone for me; one road ended there and another began. It was only a little accident, such as happens in New York every day in the year, but that one happened near me. There's a lot of waste about building a city. Usually the destruction all goes on in the cellar; it's only when it hits high, as it did last night, that it sets us thinking. Wherever there is the greatest output of energy, wherever the blind human race is exerting itself most furiously, there's bound to be tumult and disaster. Here we are, six men, with our pitiful few years to live and our one little chance for happiness, throwing everything we have into that conflagration on Manhattan Island, helping, with every nerve in us, with everything our brain cells can generate, with our very creature heat, to swell its glare, its noise, its luxury, and its power. Why do we do it? And why, in heaven's name, do they do it? Ma, perche? as Caesarino said that night in the hole. Why did he, from that lazy volcanic island, so tiny, so forgotten, where life is simple and pellucid and tranquil, shaping itself to tradition and ancestral manners as water shapes itself to the jar, why did he come so far to cast his little spark into the bonfire? And the thousands like him, from islands even smaller and more remote, why do they come, like iron dust to the magnet, like moths to the flame? There must be something wonderful coming. When the frenzy is over, when the furnace has cooled, what marvel will be left on Manhattan Island?'

"What has been left often enough before," said Zabrowski dreamily. "What was left in India, only not half so much."

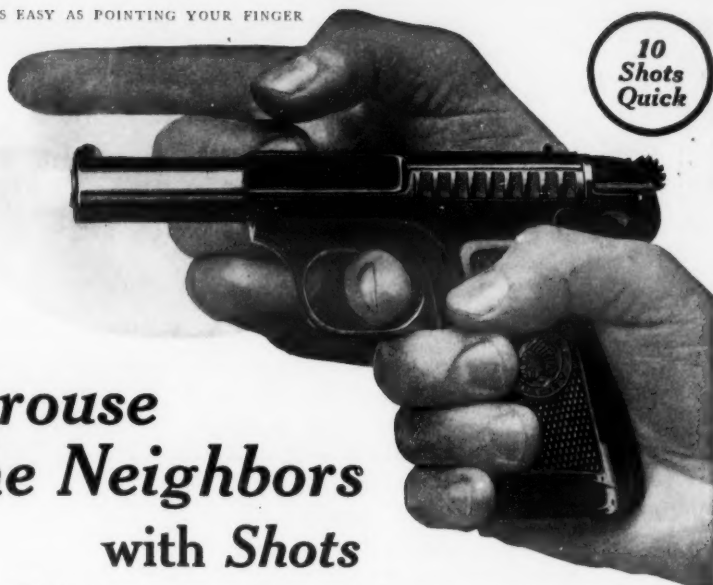
Hallet disregarded him. "What it will be is a new idea of some sort. That's all that ever comes, really. That's what we are all the slaves of, though we don't know it. It's the whip that cracks over us till we drop. Even Merryweather—and that's where the gods have the laugh on him—every firm he crushes to the wall, every deal he puts through, every cocktail he pours down his throat, he does it in the service of this unborn Idea, that he will never know anything about. Some day it will dawn, serene and clear, and your Moloch on the Singer Tower over there will get down and do it Asian obeisance."

WE reflected upon this while the launch, returning toward the city, ruffled through the dark furrows of water that kept rolling up into the light. Johnson looked back at the black sea road and said quietly:

"Well, anyhow, we are the people who are doing it, and whatever it is, it will be ours."

Hallet laughed. "Don't call anything ours, Johnson, while Zabrowski is around." "Zabrowski," Johnson said irritably, "why don't you ever hit back?"

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



10
Shots
Quick

Arouse the Neighbors with Shots

SEND the most urgent call for aid. Fire two or three Savage shots out of the window. "Don't delay," advises Sheridan, head Criminologist for 20 years of the New York Police Department. "If the burglar is the vicious kind, he cares no more for human life than I do for the ashes of my cigar. His only fear is of being trapped and surrounded."

With a Savage you have eight or nine shots left—more left for defense than any other gun has to begin with. You still hold in your hand the one unconquerable gun.

Without practice, you can aim the Savage like a crack shot. You shoot one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all 11 shots can be fired in less than three seconds. Reloads 10 shots in a flash.

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Shoots with bull's-eye accuracy because it is specially chambered and the barrel has a new special rifling for the .22 Short. Each rifle is tested, inspected, targeted and guaranteed. You know what Savage quality means. In the following ways it is different from other .22 Repeaters: It weighs less, 4 lbs.; it costs less, and uses cheaper ammunition; easy to take down and care for. It is stronger and more durable because its simple, reliable, military-bolt action is built to stand wear and weather. It holds more cartridges—20 shots. Reloads only in safe position with muzzle pointed down. No boy should be allowed to have a rifle which loads with muzzle pointed up.

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"First Aid" for Sportsmen

DIOXOGEN is a protection against infection everywhere—

That in some places it seems to be more effective, is not because there is really any difference in the way Dioxogen works—

But when one is in an isolated place, and accidents occur,—in an emergency—

Then Dioxogen looms up. It's a sheet anchor at such times.

When you are fifty miles back in the woods—and "something happens"—Dioxogen is your most precious possession.

Cuts and wounds, insect bites, sore throat, and the hundreds of things that present the opportunity for infection are happening in camp all the time.

The circular in the package tells how to use it.

Dioxogen ought to be with every one, especially travelers,—even *more* especially—Sportsmen.



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Three Sizes: Small (5½ oz.) 25c; Medium (10½ oz.) 50c. Large (20 oz.) 75c.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 98 Front St., New York City

The Pure Food Problem

EDITOR OF COLLIER'S.

SIR—Mrs. Honoré Willie's article on "Women and Food Deterioration" in COLLIER'S of April 27 was read at a dinner club by a group of eight women. They agree with Mrs. Willie's statement that American food is frequently adulterated, misbranded and falsely weighed in factories, and frequently badly cooked in kitchens, but they feel that Mrs. Willie has not offered a practical working plan for improvement. The views of these women are worth considering; all of them are practical plain cooks; after experience in individual households they have united in a self-supporting dinner club. From the nature of their employments, they are familiar with the incomes and expenditures of different classes of working families. The women are: a trained nurse, a factory inspector, a magazine writer, a trades-union secretary, a psychologist, a statistician, a factory manager, and a child-labor investigator.

These women state the situation as follows: The responsibility for pure food in the home is placed by almost common consent on women. (This does not hold in hotels and restaurants.) The problem has two divisions, requiring separate consideration: the preparation of food in factories and the later final preparation of food in kitchens.

The preparation in factories is a public matter which affects us all and against the evils of which we can proceed directly.

The preparation of food in the kitchen, on the other hand, affects the public indirectly, and must be handled in a round-about manner.

(The trades-union secretary here interrupts to say pessimistically: "Cooking is a trade—like carpentry or painting or nursing—and as long as women are thrust into it higgelty-piggelty without regard to bent or training, so long we shall suffer from slovenly workmanship.")

The factory manager says decisively: "Cooking must be divorced from marriage before it can hold up its head like other self-respecting trades."

The statistician prophesies hopefully: "Public opinion already allows a wife to hire a trained cook in order that she herself may be idle; the time may come when public opinion will allow a wife to hire a trained cook that she herself may work at another trade to which she is adapted."

Concerning efficient preparation of food before it enters the home, the eight women were more hopeful. Here we have not only the right to demand good sanitary conditions in factories, canneries, slaughter-houses, bakeries, etc., but also the means of enforcing our demands. Federal, State, and municipal government all thrust weapons of attack into the housekeepers' hands. Housekeepers working through the Bureau of Chemistry, the various State Pure Food and Drug Inspectors, and local boards of health have at their command expert knowledge, official right of entry, and the power to bring suit in the law court.

None of these departments are perfect; they are sometimes strongly influenced by manufacturing interests. We must strengthen them and support them, for in them lies our only chance of healthful cooking materials. Even a well-intentioned housekeeper is misled by canny advertising. She must work by hearsay evidence. She avoids harmful bleach in her dried fruit only to fall upon worms: her prunes can never be washed clean of their horrible unknown past. Even when housekeepers unite on a demand, they are powerless to enforce it. At best, they must accept a substitute. They cannot stop buying. Probably no wider-spread, deeper longing ever stirred the housekeepers than the desire for fresh eggs. They demand fresh eggs—they take cold-storage eggs.

The women who make these statements call attention to another danger which we must avert. We must get diseased workers out of workshops. A social investigator told me that she found two packers with syphilitic hands arranging crackers in neat paper boxes. I myself saw a laundryman in advanced tuberculosis handling hot dry tablecloths. Only one State requires its bakeries screened from flies. Our safety lies in increasing and strengthening government inspection till only clean, wholesome food can reach the retailer's shelves.

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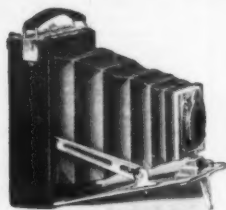
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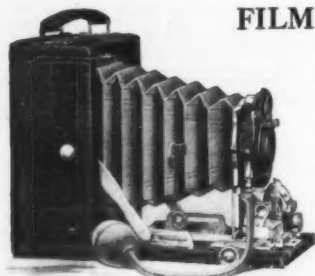


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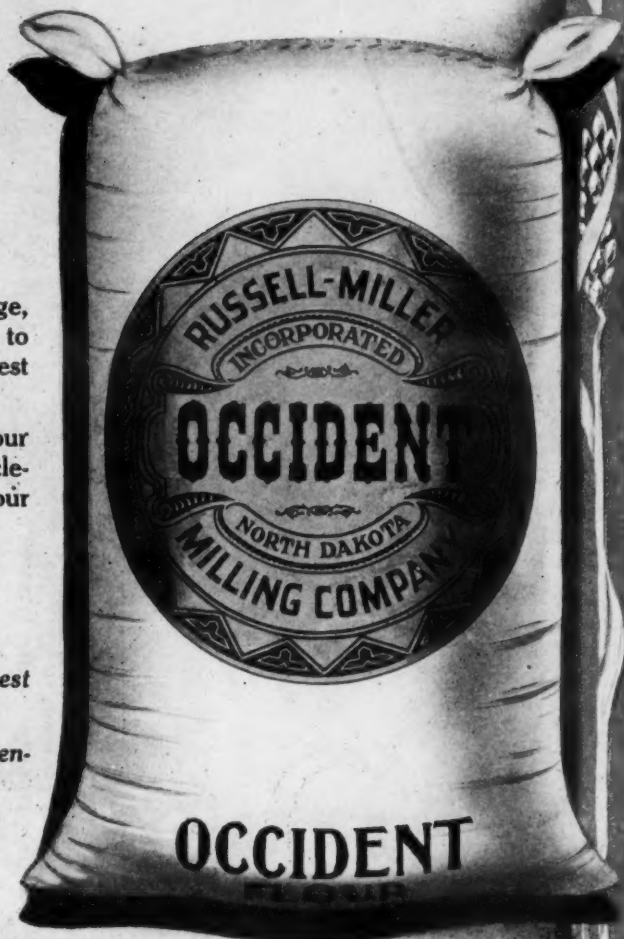
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